

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

1939

~~Freda S. B.~~  
Edmond J. Brien

Lauren Hara.

Randall

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

RKO Radio - 1939



PLEASE RETURN

TO

FINAL SCRIPT

CASTING OFFICE

WHEN PICTURE IS FINISHED

PART I - II - III

MUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Adaptation by

Bruno Frank

Screen Play

by

Sonya Levien

105

JULY 3, 1939

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"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

FINAL

PART I

7/3/39

105

*Recd*

This does not really belong to us--  
when we got it RKO said we could keep  
it until they asked for it and so far  
they have not asked --

7/3/39

105

Mr. Gledhill said to keep records  
to that effect.

PART I

7-10-39

FINAL

7-11-39

Changes as of:

7-14-39

8-4-39

8-22-39

8-23-39

Added Scenes  
"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

10/11/38  
A

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER

All the Nobles are assembled for this crisis. All are tense. Frollo sits at the head of the table - a morose, silent member, his mind a seething cauldron of contradictory impulses. The Nobles feel that once he is on their side completely, the King will be won over - so that they talk at him - watching him anxiously, shrewdly, and uneasy until his signature is finally enlisted.

PROCURATOR

(signing the  
document)

I'm proud to be the first to  
sign...

He signs with a flourish and pushes the document and quill to the next Noble - and continues vehemently.

PROCURATOR (cont'd)

I've never heard of such an outrage! An imbecile hunchback takes the law into his own hands - and our Archbishop sanctions it! France is not to be governed by the shouting of the rabble; nor can the judgment of our courts be willfully set aside by the church. It's an intolerable precedent!

NOBLE

(signing it)

When the King reads this document and sees the names of those who signed it - he will do away with Sanctuary for all time! This accursed institution has been an affront to our rule long enough!

The document is now before Frollo. He doesn't pick up the pen as readily as the others. All hang on his decision!

PROCURATOR

(urgently)

Your signature, Count Frollo...

(as Frollo  
hesitates)

Your name will decide the King  
in our favor.

(CONTINUED)



(CONTINUED)

Frollo takes up pen with sudden decision and signs.

PROCURATOR (cont'd)

(as Frollo signs;  
triumphantly)

That Gypsy girl must hang - and  
this resolution will do it!

As he grabs up the document to take it to the King -

DISSOLVE OUT



FOREWORD

With the end of the 15th Century, the dark Middle Ages came to a close. Europe began to see great changes. France, ravaged by a hundred years of war, at last found peace. The people under Louis XI felt free to hope again - to dream of progress. But superstition and prejudice still stood in the way, ever seeking to crush the adventurous spirit of man.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

MAIN TITLE with its list of credits is superimposed on a map of Paris of the middle ages. The credit title FADES OUT. The map remains and reads:

PARIS

DISSOLVE

- 1 LONG SHOT of Notre Dame as it towers over the ancient city. It is winter, but there is no snow. The bells are ringing melodiously. People are going into church for services.

DISSOLVE

INT. PRINTING ROOM - DAY

- 2 CLOSE SHOT. In an underground gallery in an ancient edifice, three men are kneeling, with back to camera, listening to the bells of Notre Dame. The church is visible in the distance. The three men are:

KING LOUIS XI of France, tolerant with the rabble, tyrannical with the nobility -- a man too clever not to see the advantages of an open mind. He is sixty, middle height, in frail health, but his eyes are young with feeling and humor, and flash from under overhanging brows.

COUNT JEHAN FROLLO - His Majesty's High Justice, devoted to power -- in his thirties, embittered, taciturn, sinister. A man to respect and fear.

The third man is a humble printer, JACQUES FISHER.

KING

(turning to  
Frollo)

A beautiful angelus. Who is  
the bell-ringer of Notre Dame?

The question makes Frollo look darker and sterner than ever. Before he can answer:

(CONTINUED)

FISHER

Quasimodo, Your Majesty. The  
people call him "THE HUNCHBACK."

KING

Quasimodo. What an odd name.  
(turning from  
window)

Now, about this device... What  
do you call it?

FISHER

The German inventor, Gutenberg,  
calls it a printing press.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the three men turn toward a  
primitive printing press. Fisher, the Printer, places  
a white sheet of paper on the black base. Slowly the  
upper part of the press comes down and covers it.

KING

What does it do?

FISHER

It prints books by the thousands  
for the people.

KING

(amazed)

By the thousands?

FISHER

I can complete a volume in a  
few months.

KING

Amazing!

(to Frolo)

When I ordered a copy of the  
Holy Psalms it took them years  
to make it. This thing is a  
miracle!

FROLO

(significantly)

A horrifying miracle!

(CONTINUED)



2 (CONTINUED)

KING  
(laughing at him)  
Horrifying? This small press?

FROLLO  
Small things have a way of  
over-mastering the great.  
A bad tooth infects a whole  
body. The Nile rat kills  
the crocodile. This small  
press can destroy a kingdom.

KING  
(laughing)  
Come, come, my High Justice,  
you exaggerate.  
(turning to  
examine  
manuscript)  
What is this?

FISHER  
(explaining  
nervously)  
It is the first page of a new  
book by Pierre Gringoire.

KING  
Gringoire? Who is he?

FISHER  
A French poet.

FROLLO  
(contemptuously)  
A heretic, Sire. To spread  
him is to communicate disease!

KING  
(indicating  
page)  
What is it about?

FISHER  
It is called "Of Coming  
Things."

3

CLOSE SHOT. The King picks up the manuscript and steps closer to the window to see for himself.

KING

(mulling the  
significance of  
the title)

"Of Coming Things".....

(as Frolo enters  
scene)

I see no harm in it, Frolo.

The King points to the towers of Notre Dame, plainly visible through the open window.

KING (cont'd)

On the contrary, I see a great future in it. Out there - to me - is the past.

As the King continues to explain, CAMERA GOES OUTSIDE and gives a MONTAGE of the outstanding features of the church.

KING'S VOICE (cont'd)

All over France, in every city, there stand Cathedrals like this one -- triumphal monuments of the past. They tower over the homes of our people like mighty guardians, keeping alive the invincible faith of the Christian. Every arch, every column, every statue is a carved leaf out of our history -- a book in stone, glorifying the Spirit of France.

INT. PRINTING ROOM - DAY

4

MED. SHOT - as the King finishes the speech.

KING

Notre Dame is the handwriting of the past --

(indicating press)

-- this of the future. And I can't do anything to stop the future, Frolo.

But Frolo is shrewder than the King.

FROLO

(with fanatical  
prophesy)

We must break the press and  
hang the printer, Sire, for  
between them they have the power  
to destroy our old and Holy  
order.

(pointing to  
press)

I, for my part, will protect  
our people from these printed  
books as I protect them from  
witches, sorcerers and gypsies!

FADE OUT



EXT. GATES OF ST. PIERRE IS - DAY

As seen from inside the city. Country families are crowding through the gates -- to enter Paris and take part in the "FESTIVAL OF FOLK". Some are in costume for the occasion. A crowd of gypsies arrives. CAMERA PULLS UP as two guards block their way.

FIRST GUARD

Hello, there! Stop! No gypsies can enter Paris any longer without a permit. It's the new law!

The leader of the gypsies leaps onto the top step of a wagon and argues with the Guard.

GYPSY LEADER

If the others enter, why can't we?

FIRST GUARD

(impatiently)

They are French. You're gypsies! Foreigners!

GYPSY LEADER

(hotly)

Foreigners! By your nose you're a Gascon...

(pointing to second guard)

And he's a Briton. You came yesterday, and we come today. Let us pass and I'll tell you your future.

This quarrel is really a trick on the part of the Gypsy Leader. While he is holding the Guard's attention, a few gypsies are sneaking through the gates and scattering through the city.

INT. GATE - DAY

WILL SHOOT. The gypsies are running, spreading into the different streets. A Guard catches sight of them and yells to some soldiers.

GUARD

Hey there, soldiers! Stop them! Catch them!

Let them go!  
It's Fools' Day!

GUARD

Fools' Day or not. The law is  
the law.

EXT. SMALL SQUARE IN PARIS - DAY

7 The gypsies are seen running. The soldiers, shouting threats, are after them. High up, under gabled roofs, attic doors and windows are thrown open and people lean out and watch the chase. Through the eyes of these observers, in QUICK INDIVIDUAL FLASHES, we see the chase lead to the center of the city.

8 MED. SHOT - One of the running gypsies is a young girl with a sweet, exotic beauty about her -- ESMERALDA. She glances back. Two soldiers are vaining on her -- one a tall, loping giraffe, the other short and fat. The gypsy girl darts into the nearest doorway and flattens herself against the wall. Through the windows people yell to the soldiers and point to the doorway. One soldier runs this way -- the other that way. When they finally meet before the right door, Esmeralda has flown!

EXT. STREET CROSSING - DAY

9 CLOSE SHOT - A guard with trumpet announcing to the populace that the Festival is about to start. Citizens all moving in the same direction. An old grandmother runs into a pregnant girl. The expectant mother is staring down a narrow alley with a startling look of terror and horror on her face.

GRANDMOTHER

What is it, Helene?

HELENE

(trembling)

A terrible thing has happened  
to me! I'm so scared!

GRANDMOTHER

What about?

(CONTINUED)

HELENE

The Hunchback of Notre Dame  
crossed my path.

GRANDMOTHER

Quick! Light a candle!

The pregnant girl turns and runs back. The grandmother  
enters the square.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE OF JUSTICE - DAY

10 LONG SHOT. Here the Festival is taking place. A milling  
multitude, with spectators crowding every balcony, cornice  
and window-case. All ages and classes; all in high  
spirits and full of buffoonery. At one end of the Square  
stands the Palace of Justice. A gallery has been erected  
on a level with the tall glass doors on the first floor.  
This spacious gallery, draped with gold brocade, is for  
the King and members of the Court.

On the opposite end of the Square stands Sainte Chapelle.  
Before this little chapel is erected the stage for a  
Mystery Play, by the Poet, PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

The remaining sides are lined with booths, where the  
concessions are doing lively business selling food, drinks  
and wine. Here are the conjurers, thieves, fortune-  
tellers, gypsies, freaks and their performing animals -  
the calf with two heads, the bear that turns somersaults.

CAMERA PICKS UP one of the beggars handing a purse to the  
QUEEN OF THIEVES - the handsome wife of Clopin. The  
beggar exits. The Queen stoops and hides the purse in the  
pocket of her petticoat. Now the great CLOPIN himself  
walks into the scene. He is an extraordinary and  
audacious character. He watches his wife hide the purse  
and then mischievously taps her on the shoulder in  
imitation of the law. She jumps out of her skin with  
fright.

CLOPIN

How's my Queen?

QUEEN

(chiding him)

Clopin! How you startled me!  
I thought you were the watch.

CLOPIN

How's business, my sweet?

(CONTINUED)



10 (CONTINUED)

QUEEN

Good -- as long as the crowd  
keeps moving.

CLOPIN

(omnipotently)

I'll see that it moves!

They lose themselves in the crowd.

EXT. KING'S GALLERY - DAY

11 FULL SHOT. King Louis, Frolo and the Lords and Ladies  
of the Court.

12 CLOSE SHOT of the Royal Group as they survey the wildly  
hilarious and milling crowds.

FROLLO

(muttering to  
himself)

Sodom and Gomorrah.

KING

Surely you don't expect the  
Feast of Fools to look like  
a Holy Day?

FROLLO

(shrugs)

It is also the anniversary of  
peace, Sire.

KING

We should be all the more  
tolerant, Frolo. What would  
their lives be without this  
little fun?

FROLLO

(through clenched  
teeth)

The whip, the fire and the  
gallows for the rabble!

(CONTINUED)

KING

In spite of whips, fire and  
gallows, crime and vice  
flourish all over France.  
How do you account for that,  
Messieurs?

MERCIER

We have no money for police,  
Sire.

KING

Oh, no! You know as well as I  
do that robbers and thieves  
pay tribute to certain Nobles  
for not interfering with them.  
We will stop this, I assure you.  
But I don't want to argue. I'm  
here to amuse myself, ah, Frolo?  
(with amazement)  
Messieurs, a miracle! Our Chief  
Justice smiles. What is it?

FROLLO

(turning to the  
King and  
pointing off)  
That man, Sire.

As the King and the Noblemen look where he is pointing:

- 13 LONG SHOT - from their angle. A man is going through grotesque gyrations trying to keep his balance on a huge, stationary ball. An amused crowd is watching him.

EXT. ROYAL GALLERY - DAY

- 14 MED. SHOT - of the Royal Group watching the man.

KING

What is he trying to do?

OLD NOBLEMAN

He has heard it rumored that  
the earth is round and is  
attempting to walk to the  
Indies.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

It's not round. It's flat as  
a table.

KING

Some famous geographers and  
mathematicians also believe  
that the earth is round.

DOCTOR

(mumbling)

It isn't round, it's flat.

KING

Do you recollect that letter  
Christopher Columbus wrote us  
claiming that he could, by  
steering a westerly course,  
reach the Indies?

(consulting them)

I'm greatly tempted to endow  
the venture.

DOCTOR

(mumbling)

It's flat.

MERCIER

Our country cannot afford the  
risk of such an enterprise.

FROLLO

Columbus! The man's the  
laughing-stock of the Court  
of Spain.

KING

(his eyes sweeping  
the nobility)

That only proves that King  
Ferdinand's Counsellors are  
as short-sighted as mine!

DOCTOR

(mumbling)

It isn't round.

KING

What in the world are you  
mumbling, Doctor?

(CONTINUED)



DOCTOR

The earth isn't round - it's  
flat.

KING

How do you know?

DOCTOR

I have observed it on all my  
travels over Europe. It's  
flat. Everywhere - it's flat!

Shouts of cheering come from the Square.

STUDENTS' VOICES

Gringoire! Gringoire!

KING

Let us listen to the play.

As they settle back into their seats:

CLOSE SHOT - Pierre Gringoire. The poet acknowledges the cheering with a bow. He is a tall, slight, handsome young man, dressed in shabby black. The book in his hand bears the title: OF COILING THINGS. Making his bow to the King and multitude, he begins to recite:

GRINGOIRE

My muse concerns  
The earthly strife.  
A timely plea  
For human life.

16

LONG SHOT. The poet steps aside a few paces. He is gratified with his ovation. He waves his hand and the soft music of flutes and violas is heard. The curtains are drawn and the full stage stands revealed. On the steps are actors representing the planets. They are grouped in a circle. In the center of the circle and on the steps of the stage are standing two actors representing the Clergy and Nobility. At the bottom of the stairs stand three actors facing the above two. They represent the Peasantry. Outside this circle stands Gringoire, conspicuously black against a white pillar.

PRIEST

(enacting the  
Clergy)

I am the priest. I praise  
but God.

NOBLE

(representing  
the Nobility)

I am the Noble. The King  
I laud.

While the Priest and the Noble speak, the actors representing the Peasantry, the Crafts and the Trades have walked up the steps and reached the top.

THE PEASANT  
THE CRAFTSMAN  
THE MERCHANT

We serve France!

THE PRIEST  
THE NOBLE

Who are you?

PEASANT

I am the peasant -- who feeds  
you.

## CRAFTSMAN

I am the craftsman. I build  
your home and clothe you.

## MERCHANT

I am the merchant. I buy for  
you and sell for you.

## NOBLE

(haughtily)

How dare you come up here!

## PRIEST

(mimicking the  
Noble)

You belong in the rear!  
(pointing)  
Return below!

## THE PEASANT

## THE CRAFTSMAN

## THE MERCHANT

We've lived long enough below!

EXT.: ROYAL GALLERY - DAY

17

CLOSE SHOT. The Nobility is offended and angered by the  
tone of the play.

## OLD NOBLEMAN

Sire, this play is a piece of  
outrageous insolence. The  
author is a heretic. How can  
you sanction it?

## KING

It is sometimes wiser to sanction  
than to suppress, and to me the  
play is most revealing. Never  
before have our arts and crafts  
flourished as they do now. I am  
proud of my merchants, my peasants,  
and my craftsmen. They are  
becoming the backbone of France --  
and you, my noble Lords? What  
are you doing to deserve our  
royal sympathies?

## OLD NOBLEMAN

Your Majesty should not  
underestimate our contributions  
to France.

KING

I know - "You are the guardians  
of the old and holy tradition."  
That's all you can see. You  
have no eyes for the new.  
That's the whole trouble. Listen  
to that play and it will tell  
you exactly what I mean.

The King turns back to the play. The others glance  
at each other significantly and keep silent.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

18 CLOSEUP of the poet as he recites:

GRINGOIRE

The old can never last  
The new is claiming its place.  
It's foolish to cling to the past  
Believe in the future's face.

19 FULL SHOT of the whole stage. The actors from the  
planetary circle now follow:

VENUS

It pains me to relate  
That death is the fate  
Of Noble and Peasant alike.

MOON

You are born in a womb.

SATURN

And die in a tomb.

An actor, representing Death, steps out of the circle  
and begins a dance of death. The other planets begin  
to move in the circle.

ALL STARS

(speaking in chorus)

The stars shine ever on the few  
who used their lives to build  
the New.



20 MED. SHOT. The poet takes up his part and recites. 15

## GRINGOIRE

You rest and live and rest again  
Beware you do not live in vain.

21 CLOSE SHOT of an impish wag, a student, slightly tipsy,  
with his girl in his arms, interrupting the poet.

## STUDENT

And if you eat too much,  
You throw it up again.

A roar of laughter comes from the crowd.

22 FULL SHOT of Gringoire and the players who are uncertain  
whether they should continue.

## GRINGOIRE

(angry with  
the crowd)

You stupid, ignorant drunkards!  
I offer you truth and you.....

The crowd doesn't want the play. They throw apples and  
nuts at him and drown out the poet's protests.

## AD LIBS

(from crowd)

We don't want your truth!  
We want fools!  
Chase these puppets away!  
This is Fools' Day!

23

CLOSE SHOT - of a foursome. With Captain Phoebus is his aide, Paillipe. Phoebus is an extremely handsome soldier and knows it. Next to him is his fiancée, Fleur de Lys, and her friend, Diane, a sharp-tongued darsel. The four are watching the play's debacle with varying reactions.

DIANE

Stupid rabble! That poet's a nice looking fellow.

ALOISE

--And very learned.

FLEUR

But the play is silly trash.  
Don't you think so, Phoebus?

PHOEBUS

Anybody can write verse.  
(showing off,  
without  
hesitation)  
Just show me where, my love.  
You'll find me there, my dove.

PHILLIPPE

(completing  
the couplet)  
The key he has, my fair.  
Fits every door, I swear.

DIANE

I still like the poet.

The soldiers are pleased with themselves and laugh.  
The young ladies lower their eyes with outraged modesty.

EXT. STAGE AND SQUARE - DAY

24

LONG SHOT. The poet and the actors are still standing on the stage, utterly helpless before the howling mob calling, "a want Fools!" The Butcher leaps up on the steps of the stage and motions to the crowd to keep quiet.

(CONTINUED)

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
(to Gringoire)  
Get out of the way. We will  
now choose the King of Fools.  
(like a barker,  
to the crowd)  
Applicants come forth! Men and  
women! The ugliest wins the  
crown!...Wait! Wait! Each in  
turn! Ugly faces! Ugly faces!

Applicants begin to storm the stage pushing the poet  
and the actors aside roughly.

25

The first candidate for King of Fools is ready to be exhibited. The crowd enters the chapel. A group of men form a living pyramid. There is a round window above the door of the chapel. The man on top breaks the stained glass and pokes his head through the opening.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

26

With the clatter of the breaking glass, the crowds stop for a moment. The Butcher takes his stand outside the window and announces the first contestant. It is the face of the ugly old woman we use later in the Court of Miracles - the one who wants to marry Gringoire.

BUTCHER

(pointing to  
the window)

Do you like that face?

AD LIBS

No! No! No!

TAILOR

(a jolly giant)

It looks like my mother-in-law!

27

FULL SHOT - The crowd laughs. Cries of "Let's see the next!" "Give us a pretty wench!"

INT. ENTRANCE OF CHAPEL - DAY

28

A group of men carrying a ladder into the chapel and leaning it from the inside against the window. The first contestant is pulled down and another contestant shows his face in the opening.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

29

CLOSE SHOT of the window. The face on exhibition is making all kinds of gruesome faces and gets much applause.



30

MED. SHOT.

KING

Wonderfully ugly!  
(to Frollo)  
Did you ever see a more  
horrible face in your life?

FROLLO

Disgusting, Sir!

KING

The ugly is very appealing  
to man!

FROLLO

It's a matter of taste.

KING

No. It's instinct. One  
shrinks from the ugly and yet  
wants to look at it. There's  
a devilish fascination in it.  
We extract pleasure from horror.

FROLLO

Only the mob!

KING

Think so?  
(nudges Frollo  
and indicates  
Nobles)  
Look at our friends. They  
are not exactly uninterested.

Frollo looks and sees that the Nobles are getting as  
much thrill and enjoyment out of the contest as is  
the populace. Over this scene comes the sound of  
sudden cheering.

31

CLOSE SHOT of the foursome, Phoebus, Phillippe, Fleur  
and Diane. They are looking toward the Square,  
watching Esmeralda dance. Sound of cheering continues.  
For the moment Phoebus has forgotten his enchantment  
with himself for the greater allure of the dancer.

(CONTINUED)

How ugly! PHILLIPPE

How beautiful! PHOEBUS

What? PHILLIPPE

PHOEBUS  
That girl. What a beauty!  
I've never seen her before,  
have you?

PHILLIPPE  
How pretty she is.

PHOEBUS  
Those little feet -- they burn  
up the ground!

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

32 LONG SHOT - Esmeralda. In the far b.g. the Contest of Fools is still going on, but in the immediate f.g. the beautiful gypsy girl we saw enter Paris is dancing. A crowd of people is watching her. Those who know her cheer her and cry, "Esmeralda!" "La Esmeralda!"

33 CLOSE SHOT - Esmeralda as she dances. The circle widens until it reaches the place where Gringoire is standing. The poet is deeply affected by the beauty and grace of the dancer. For a second she catches sight of him. Their eyes meet and hold. Then, with an enchanting flourish, she swirls away from him toward the Royal Gallery.

EXT. ROYAL GALLERY - DAY

34 LONG SHOT. The King and Court watch Esmeralda. All fascinated.

35 CLOSEUP of Frollo. He is staring at the gypsy girl with a dark and smoldering hatred in his eyes.

MED. SHOT. The King.

KING

The people seem to like her and  
so do I.

(to Olivier)

Olivier, lend me a half livre?

OLIVIER

A half livre?

KING

Do you feel our treasury cannot  
afford it?

FROLLO

(with contempt)

She's a gypsy, Sire.

KING

Who cares about her race. She  
is pretty.

He throws a coin to Esmeralda.

KING (cont'd)

(to Frolo)

Doesn't she make your pulse  
beat faster?

(to the

Doctor)

What about you, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I'm a widower four times, Sire,  
but I could begin all over  
again.

LONG SHOT. Esmeralda is dancing, beating her  
tambourine, circling it on her finger, throwing  
it in the air and catching it - to the delight of  
her audience. Suddenly she stops, stares off with  
a terrified look on her face. Her eyes are focused  
on the scaffolding underneath the Royal Gallery.

38

CLOSEUP of a crevice in the boards covering the scaffolding. A terrifying eye is peering through it -- a flaming eye, with eyelids turned up and red.

39

MED. SHOT of the group that gathers instantly about Esmeralda with cries of "What's happened?" "What is it?"

ESMERALDA

(pointing;  
terrified)

There! That eye staring at me!  
(she shudders)

They look and also see the eye. Cries of "Somebody's hiding there!" "It's an animal!" "It's a fiend!" "Come out if you're a good Christian!" "Let's go!" With drawn swords, the soldiers creep under the gallery.

40

LONG SHOT. The crowd outside are waiting for the results of the search. Some of them have followed the soldiers. Loud laughter issues from behind the scaffold. Soon they come back shouting and laughing.

TAILOR

It's Quasimodo!

(CONTINUED)



BUTCHER  
The Hunchback of Notre Dame!

21

STUDENT  
The devil that rings the  
Angelus!

BUTCHER  
Tie up the horses! He'll  
frighten them!

AD LIB CRIES  
Here he comes!  
Oh, the horrid baboon!

BUTCHER  
Get him up on the stage.  
He'll be our King of Fools.

We see a bunch of people dragging Quasimodo out of his hiding place. However, we do not recognize him in the tumult. The CAMERA FOLLOWS while he is being dragged through the crowd, across to the stage. We only get the effect of him upon the faces of the people. They are horrified and at the same time fascinated.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

41 The Contest of Fools is still going on. A new contestant is sticking his head through the window. Instantly he is jerked down as Quasimodo is pushed up. We have not yet seen his face!

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

42 CLOSEUP of the window through which Quasimodo's face appears for the first time. The horror of that face silences the multitude - the horrible live eye, the scrofulous dead eye, the projecting tusks -- the mixture of malice, astonishment and melancholy! He tries to smile.

EXT. GALLERY - DAY

43 CLOSE SHOT - Frollo and King. Frollo shows his reaction to the appearance of Quasimodo in the window by getting up.

KING  
Don't spoil their fun, Frollo.  
Stay here.

50

Quasimodo, still looking through the window. As the CAMERA DOLLIES BACK, we see a few men drag Quasimodo down. The hunchback, feeling himself attacked, kicks one of the men down. His strength is super-human. The men renew their efforts to get him down, calling up to him angrily.

BUTCHER

You idiot! Don't you understand we want to crown you?

STUDENT

He's almost deaf and dumb.  
The bells have made him so.

TAILOR

Deaf and dumb. Good! That makes him a perfect King of Fools.

UGLY MARIE

(as Butcher starts  
up the ladder)

Leave him alone. He is possessed.

BUTCHER

(shouting into  
Quasimodo's ear)

YOU ARE THE KING! THE KING  
OF FOOLS!

51

CLOSEUP - Quasimodo. He does not understand. His expression changes to utter bewilderment. PULL CAMERA BACK as the men reach him and carry him out of the Chapel to show him to the crowd. CAMERA FOLLOWS. The crowd greets him with wild applause.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

52

Steps in front of the Chapel. The props and costumes of the actors lie scattered about. The Butcher and the Student pick up a coat, a crown and a scepter, in which they dress and crown Quasimodo.

BUTCHER

By unanimous vote, I herewith  
proclaim you King of Fools!

(CONTINUED)

Wild shouting and applause from the people follow the announcement. The music starts a mock coronation march. CAMEPA FOLLO S as Quasimodo is carried down the steps on the shoulders of the men, while the people dance wildly around him.

- 53 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo, who now begins to understand. With his own hands he places the crown upon his head and grins.

QUASIMODO

King!

- 54 CLOSE SHOT of Gringoire. Outraged by a sense of failure he pokes his head through the chapel window and calls out to the multitude:

GRINGOIRE

I protest!... I am the true  
King of Fools. I battle for  
Beauty...and the Ugly gets  
crowned. What greater fool  
can there be than I?!!

(he laughs  
wildly)

EXT. GALLERY - DAY

- 55 The King and his suite are still seated.

KING

I feel sorry for the poet.

FROLLO

I don't. He got what he  
deserved.

KING

I hate to think what would  
happen if we all got what we  
deserved, eh, Frolo?!

(rising)

I shall see you at evening  
prayers. We all need our  
Lord's blessing. Good-bye,  
Messieurs.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIER  
Your Majesty, the petitioners.

KING  
(to Olivier)  
I'm tired now and my liver  
bothers me. You take care  
of them, Olivier.

The King leaves with his suite into the Palace of  
Justice, but Frolo turns toward the crowd and  
disappears into it.

56

LONG SHOT. The petitioners are packed on the stairs  
of the Royal Gallery. Among them are Esmeralda and  
Gringoire. As Olivier enters, people rush forward  
and hand petitions to him. Gringoire presents a bill.

OLIVIER  
No bills. Only petitions.

GRINGOIRE  
(arrogantly)  
But I need the money. The  
actors must be paid.

OLIVIER  
(impatient)  
This is no time to ask for  
money.

GRINGOIRE  
It never is!  
(shrugging)  
So we go hungry.

OLIVIER  
(a little  
spitefully)  
I've always heard starving  
is good for poets.

GRINGOIRE  
(mockingly)  
Your anxiety for the Muse  
touches me.

He turns and exits.



7/12/39  
25

57

CLOSE SHOT - Emeraldia in the crowd. She steps up  
to Officer.

OFFICER

Don't push -- don't push!

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
I must speak to the King! I  
must!

OFFICER  
(mocking her)  
Must!

At this moment a Guard steps up to her.

GUARD  
Ho, you gypsy. Let me see  
your city permit.

58 CLOSEUP of Esmeralda. She freezes.

59 LONGER ANGLE. Esmeralda turns and runs down the stairs, followed by Guard and Soldier. Gringoire, on his way down the stairs, purposely gets in the way of the pursuers, thus giving Esmeralda a chance to escape.

60 LONG SHOT as Esmeralda ripples through the crowd, the officers after her, yelling for her to stop. Amusing business as the crowd opens to let her through and then closes up to slow down the officers.

61 LONG SHOT. The Procession of Fools has been formed. In the center sits Quasimodo on a wine barrel carried by four men. This is his throne. Behind him is a mock Royal Suite. With great noise the crowd follows the Procession, which is coming around the Square.

62 CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo, happy and proud. Instead of humiliation, disdain, disgust, the crowd are acclaiming him. He takes his role in earnest, and bows and grins to the people. Suddenly his expression changes as he sees:

63 MED. SHOT - Frollo riding through the crowd. He stops before Quasimodo.

64 CLOSER SHOT - Frollo and Quasimodo.

FROLLO  
Quasimodo, get down.

Quasimodo, like a dog that hears the commanding voice of his master, hops from his throne.

65

LONGER SHOT. Frolo rides away, with Quasimodo following closely upon his heels. The crowd makes a path for them. Mumbling protests are heard:

AD LIBS

What's the matter with him?  
He can't take away our King!

EXT. FRONT PORTAL OF NOTRE DAME - DAY

66

LONG SHOT. Esmeralda comes running into scene out of breath and all spent. The Guard and Soldier are hot on her heels. For a moment it looks as if she is cornered. Suddenly the church doors open. From the shadow of the Cathedral emerges a tall, awe-inspiring figure, dressed in a long, white cassock. It is the Archbishop of Notre Dame, CLAUDE FROLLO. With him are two young Priests. Esmeralda dashes into the church, past them.

PULL CAMERA UP as the Guard and the Soldier try to follow her into the church. The Archbishop bars their way.

ARCHBISHOP

Sanctuary!

GUARD

We have to arrest her. She's a  
GYPSY.

ARCHBISHOP

The Church is sanctuary for all!

SOLDIER

Even for a heathen!

ARCHBISHOP

Even for a heathen.

The two officers are floored. They try to argue.

GUARD

It's the law now that they can't  
enter Paris. We've got to  
arrest her.

ARCHBISHOP

The power of the law ends at  
this threshold.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD  
(to Soldier)  
It's no use. The King himself  
could do nothing here. Let's  
go.

The Guard and Soldier walk away while the bystanders who  
have gathered there laugh at them.

INT. NOTRE DAME - NEAR ENTRANCE - DAY

67 On a stone seat near the entrance door, sits Esmeralda,  
utterly exhausted. A young priest stands at her side.  
The Archbishop joins them.

ESMERALDA  
(rising)  
Are they gone?

ARCHBISHOP  
Yea. You are safe here.  
(looking at her)  
What have you done? Why are  
they after you?

ESMERALDA  
I am a gypsy.

ARCHBISHOP  
(smiling)  
That's not your fault. It's  
an Act of God.  
(turning to  
young Priest)  
Take her to the bell-tower.  
Quasimodo will take care of her.

PRIEST  
Quasimodo isn't here, Your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP  
Where is he?

PRIEST  
- I don't know.

The Archbishop exits. The Priest leads the way,  
Esmeralda following. She is overcome with awe by the  
ecclesiastical beauty of the Church.

EXT. SIDE PORTAL - CATHEDRAL - NEAR VESTRY ROOM - DAY 29

68 Frolo rides up on his horse. Quasimodo is still trotting at his side. Frolo dismounts and exits into the Cathedral. Quasimodo follows.

INT. BELL-TOWER - DAY

69 Frolo and Quasimodo enter.

QUASIMODO  
Forgive me -- forgive me --

He caresses Frolo's feet, numbly. A Priest comes toward him.

FROLLO  
Is my brother in?

PRIEST  
His Grace is preparing for the evening service.

As Frolo walks toward the vestry, Quasimodo starts climbing up the stairs.

INT. VESTRY - DAY

70 The Archbishop is putting on his robes. A young Priest is helping him. Frolo enters.

FROLLO  
Claude, I must speak to you.

ARCHBISHOP  
I have only a moment. What is it?

The Archbishop motions to the Priest to leave. He exits quickly.

71 CLOSE SHOT. The minute the door is closed, Frolo faces his brother. There is tenseness and anger in his voice.

FROLLO  
It's about Quasimodo. He made a spectacle of himself at the Festival--before the King and all the people!



ARCHBISHOP  
(amazed; concerned)  
Where is he now?

                          FROLLO  
Up in his tower. You must speak  
to him.

                          ARCHBISHOP  
But you have more influence  
over him than I.

Frollo and the Archbishop exit quickly.

INT. STAIRWAY LEADING TO BELL TOWER - DAY

72 Quasimodo hurries upstairs on all fours, with a whipped  
and guilty look on his face.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - DAY

73 MED. SHOT. Gringoire is loitering before a stand where  
chicken and capons are being roasted. He is ravenously  
hungry. He watches others flipping coins for juicy,  
dripping fowl, and his mouth waters.

                          VENDOR  
What will you have, young man?

                          GRINGOIRE  
Everything! But I haven't a sou.  
(hypnotized by a  
sizzling,  
roasting chicken)  
I'll write you a sonnet for a  
wing and a rondelet for a  
drumstick.

                          VENDOR  
A poet?  
(shakes his  
head gravely)  
I can't read, Monsieur.

Gringoire walks off.

DIFFERENT ANGLE of the crowd. Gringoire walks toward a young girl who has just finished a dance. He thinks she is Esmeralda and hurries after her. FOLLOW WITH CAMERA.

GRINGOIRE  
(calling)  
Esmeralda!

Gringoire catches up with the girl. She turns. Also the young man beside her.

GRINGOIRE (cont'd)  
Pardon me. I mistook you for  
someone I know.

The two young people laugh. Gringoire turns away and stumbles over a dog which is gnawing a bone. The dog growls.

INT. BELFRY - DAY

75 Quasimodo enters the bell-tower - a place of gargoyles and grotesques. This is his world and he loves it. Most of all he loves his bells, caresses them and calls them by name: Marie, the big one; Jacqueline, the sweet one. He throws his weight at the ropes and starts ringing, swinging with the rhythm of the bells.

76 CLOSEUP of the bells, swinging and ringing.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - DAY

77 The ringing of the bells brings the Festival to an end. The people stop their revelry and look up at the tower. We see cuts of individual faces, who seem struck by a mystic fear from the strange sound of the bells. The majority of the crowd start moving away from the church and disappear in the neighboring streets. Only a few people remain, among them Gringoire. He stands near the Cathedral, disillusioned and hungry. People are beginning to enter the church.

INT. BELFRY - DAY

78 Quasimodo ringing the bells.

79

Esmeralda, following the Priest, pauses before the sacred image of the Virgin Mary at one of the side alters. The Priest, seeing she has stopped, turns back and waits for her.

ESMERALDA  
(indicating statue)  
Who is that?

PRIEST  
The Virgin Mary -- the mother  
of God.

ESMERALDA  
(repeating)  
The mother of God....  
(stands there,  
looking at the  
statue)  
I've never seen her before.

PRIEST  
If we open our hearts to her  
with faith, she comforts us  
and guides us.

ESMERALDA  
(eagerly)  
Will she help me if I pray?

PRIEST  
(with pious  
sincerity)  
If you believe -- she will.

The Priest leaves her. Esmeralda looks upon the Virgin Mary with new hope and eagerness, then sinks to her knees to pray.

80

MED. SHOT of Esmeralda kneeling before the Virgin Mary.

ESMERALDA  
(praying)  
Mother of God, I want to pray  
to you. The Priest told me  
you help those who are in need.  
I am in great need -- in great  
danger.

(CONTINUED)

At this moment a shadow falls over the girl and Frolo appears at her side.

FROLO

Get up! You cannot pray here!

Esmeralda is startled; then turns and sees him.

ESMERALDA

What right have you to stop me?

FROLO

The right of a good Christian.

ESMERALDA

(holding her ground)

The Archbishop gave me sanctuary  
and I was told I could pray.

(suspicious)

Who are you? You are not a  
Priest?

FROLO

No.

ESMERALDA

(shrinking back from  
his terrifying gaze)

You have evil eyes. They  
frighten me.

She turns back to finish her prayer, whereupon Frolo  
grabs hold of her.

FROLO

Get up! You desecrate the very  
stones on which you kneel.

He has hold of her now and is pulling her away. She  
struggles to free herself. He holds her closer and this  
sudden contact goes through him like an electric shot.

ESMERALDA

(now thoroughly  
frightened)

Let me go!

(CONTINUED)

Frollo holds her still tighter with a changed expression on his face showing his own surprise at his inner emotions that have come from the touch of her flesh.

FROLLO

I will not!

ESMERALDA

What do you want from me?

She tries to pull his hands away from her shoulder. She gets a chance to look at them closer.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)

(shuddering)

You have the hands of the devil!

FROLLO

You witch! For such talk I could have you burned at the stake!

ESMERALDA

(now convulsed  
with fear)

Now I know -- you are the hangman!

FROLLO

I am the law.

ESMERALDA

(aroused by  
her hatred  
of the law)

The law that drives my people out of France!

FROLLO

You deserve it. You are thieves and swindlers. You are lazy and you live by magic tricks and sorcery!

ESMERALDA

(flaring up)

How can you say that! You don't know the gypsies.



FROLLO

I don't want to know them. I  
want to wipe them out with fire  
and sword -- every one of them!

ESMERALDA

To have mercy makes a man great.

FROLLO

My duty is to purge the country.

ESMERALDA

Of what?

FROLLO

Of evil -- of all I hate.

ESMERALDA

Isn't it evil to hate? Not  
even animals hate their own  
kind. I have seen in the forest  
wolves meet with fear of one  
another.

FROLLO

(for a moment he  
becomes human)  
Animals are different.

ESMERALDA

Do you love animals?

FROLLO

I prefer animals to people.  
They are self-contained and  
good company.

ESMERALDA

(triumphantly)  
Then you are not what you  
pretend to be.

FROLLO

(stiffening again)  
I am what I wish to be!

ESMERALDA

No, no. You do have a heart.  
I feel it. Even your eyes  
reveal it now. I am no longer  
afraid of you.

She kneels down to pray.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)

(praying)  
Mother of God, I was told that  
you help all those who believe  
in you. I do believe in you.  
Help me to see the King. You  
know how gypsies are cruelly  
driven from country to country.  
Even those who were born here  
are not allowed to stay. It  
is the law -- a terrible law!  
So you see I have to talk to  
the King....

At this point CAMERA MOVES BACK taking in the King who  
is kneeling at the side of a confessional which is  
separated by an iron grill from Esmeralda's altar. He  
hears her voice and listens...

ESMERALDA (cont'd)

If he is kind, he will do  
something to help my people.  
Mother of God, make him  
listen to me...

During this the King has risen. He crosses to her and  
stands for a moment, watching her. Her back is toward  
him.

KING

(as she finishes)  
You will be heard.

PULL CAMERA UP as Esmeralda gets to her feet quickly  
and faces the King, unable to believe her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

Your Majesty...

KING

I will help you.

She is so speechless with happiness, so helpless in her efforts to thank him that the King smiles.

KING (cont'd)

But you must give me a good reason. They say you are a lot of thieves.

ESMERALDA

(quickly)

Oh no, Your Majesty! Whenever we steal it is because we are hungry. My people have good hearts! And we love you. You have a good heart, too, Sire, because you have promised to help us.

KING

(smiling)

Little witch! I merely meant I would consider it. What is your name?

ESMERALDA

Esmeralda.

KING

Esmeralda. Is that all?

ESMERALDA

I have no other name.

KING

Where do you live?

ESMERALDA

Here.

KING

You live here? In Notre Dame?

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
Yes, Your Majesty.

KING  
Then I will send my message to  
the church.

Esmeralda is at a loss how to thank him. She stands  
speechless before him.

KING (cont'd)  
(kindly)  
Goodbye, my child.

The King leaves. CAMERA FOLLOWS him. He approaches the  
Archbishop, kneels before him and received the benediction.

81 CLOSE SHOT of Esmeralda. She is still gaping after the  
King, deliriously happy over the unexpected miracle.

ESMERALDA  
(turning to  
Holy Virgin)  
I am so happy!

At this moment she becomes aware that Frolo is still  
standing, watching her. She turns impulsively to him.

ESMERALDA  
I knew that something beautiful  
would happen to me in this  
church! I ran in here to  
escape the soldiers - and  
suddenly I felt safe. I looked  
round and saw the soft light -  
these tall columns, reaching  
like pines toward the sky -  
and felt at peace. I knelt  
and prayed to see the King -  
and there he stood beside me!  
(coming out of her  
exaltation)  
I must go and tell my people.

She starts toward the nearest door, which is the door  
leading to the bell tower, when Frolo detains her.

(CONTINUED)

Wait!

FROLLO

Esmeralda stops.

FROLLO (cont'd)

You live here in sanctuary,  
don't you?

ESMERALDA

(startled)

Oh, I forgot! I mustn't leave!

FROLLO

Wait here until you receive your  
message from the King.

Esmeralda shows signs of disappointment.

FROLLO (cont'd)

Don't be disturbed. You will  
enjoy living in the bell tower,  
high above all Paris. I often  
like going there myself. Let  
me show it to you now.

(as they walk  
through the door)

The bell ringer will watch over  
you.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

82 Quasimodo comes plunging down the dark, narrow stairs,  
sweating profusely after his labors, his breath coming  
in noisy gusts.

83 CLOSE SHOT. Esmeralda and Frolo are on their way up.  
Suddenly the girl sees Quasimodo. The sight of him,  
chills her blood!

84 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo, walking down toward Esmeralda.  
He catches sight of her. His mouth opens grotesquely  
with amazement.



85 FULL SHOT of Esmeralda and Frollo, SEEN OVER Quasimodo's shoulder. The girl is almost paralyzed with fear. Frollo tries to quiet her.

FROLLO

Don't be afraid. He is harmless  
and won't hurt you. It's  
Quasimodo, the bell-ringer.

86 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo's face, which changes from surprise to a friendly grin, which makes him look even more terrifying.

87 FULL SHOT. Esmeralda breaks from Frollo and starts running down the stairs. Frollo hurries after her. PULL CAMERA UP as he places himself in front of a closed door that leads into the church. He gets firm hold of her. All his passion breaks through as he holds her in his arms.

FROLLO

Don't run away! You are going  
to dance for me. For me alone!  
Come...

Quasimodo has followed them. As soon as he enters scene and Esmeralda sees him she becomes panic-stricken again. She breaks away from Frollo and rushes down the stairs and disappears. CAMERA STAYS on Quasimodo as he faces Frollo. There is a strange look of sorrow on his face. He did not mean to scare her! While Frollo looks murderously angry, frustrated!

EXT. CHURCH - THE END OF THE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

88 Esmeralda comes rushing down the stairs. A little door lets out into the square. She dashes wildly through the door and disappears into the night.

EXT. NARROW STREET - CLOSE TO NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

89 Esmeralda is running through a narrow street. She keeps looking back over her shoulder to see if she is being followed. HOLD CAMERA as Quasimodo comes running into scene from the direction of Notre Dame and chases after her. Esmeralda turns a corner in the distance. Her pursuer goes through an archway to cut her off.

90 LONG SHOT. Esmeralda running along the dark street.

- 91 MED. SHOT. Quasimodo hurrying beside a wall. Suddenly he climbs the wall like a monkey, helped by Frolo, and remains there crouching, waiting for the girl.
- 92 LONG SHOT. Esmeralda, on the opposite side of the same wall, running. She looks over her shoulder and seeing no one in sight, she is greatly relieved and walks along more slowly.
- 93 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo, perched like a stone fawn on top of the wall, waiting for Esmeralda.
- 94 LONG SHOT. Esmeralda walking back. She arrives at a certain niche and Gringoire steps out of it quietly and watches her. She reaches the place where Quasimodo is crouching. He jumps down and grabs her. She screams and tries to free herself. He throws her over his shoulder, like a bundle, and carries her away.
- 95 CLOSE SHOT. Esmeralda struggling with Quasimodo, who tries to stifle her cries. Gringoire rushes into scene and tries to rescue her.

## GRINGOIRE

You devil! You unholy monster!  
Let her go!

The words die in his throat, for with one blow Quasimodo sends the poet sprawling to the mud. By the time he gets to his feet, stunned and bruised, the hunchback is carrying her off. Gringoire, in piercing voice, starts screaming: "Help! Murder! Murder!"

EXT. SMALL INN - NIGHT

- 96 Horses are hitched to a post beside the door. Through an open window we see in the candlelight a group of men who drink and kiss the women they hold in their arms. As soon as they hear the shout, some of them get up and look out of the window.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 97 Quasimodo is carrying Esmeralda over his shoulder. Her screams come in tired gasps. Quasimodo disappears around the corner of the street with her.

- 98 MED. SHOT. Gringoire comes running toward the Inn, yelling at the top of his voice, "Help! Help!" At the same moment Phoebus, Phillippe and several others come crowding out of the Inn.

GRINGOIRE

(to Phoebus)

It's the Hunchback! He has  
abducted the gypsy girl -  
Esmeralda. Captain, save her!  
Save her!

During this, Phoebus has slipped into the saddle.

- 99 Phoebus dashes off in pursuit of Quasimodo, followed by Phillippe and several guards.
- 100 LONG SHOT. Quasimodo with the girl on his shoulder. She is still screaming for help. Doors and windows are thrown open all along the narrow streets.
- 101 INDIVIDUAL SHOTS of the people looking out of the windows, others leaving their doors to join in the chase.
- 102 LONG SHOT. Phoebus gallops after Quasimodo and reaches him. Soon Phillippe and the others catch up with them. FULL CAMERA UP as Phoebus rescues Esmeralda.

PHOEBUS

You beast! Let go of her!

Phoebus menaces Quasimodo with his sword and finally manages to snatch the girl away. The Hunchback tries to seize his prey again, but is beset now by the other guards.

- 103 MED. SHOT. People of the neighborhood come crowding into scene.

AD LIBS

It's Quasimodo! The Hunchback!  
It's our King of Fools!  
The monster!  
Let's hang him!

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIPPE  
(in passing)  
Leave that to the law!

PHOEBUS  
Are you hurt?

ESMERALDA  
No --

PHOEBUS  
(full of vanity  
and bravado)  
Lucky for you, girl, that I  
was around just now.

ESMERALDA  
(her eyes tearful  
with gratitude)  
I --

PHOEBUS  
What's your name?

ESMERALDA  
Esmeralda!

PHOEBUS  
I'll remember it, and I will  
see you again.  
(turning to the  
women)  
Why the devil do you let such  
a pretty girl run around alone?  
Don't you know better than that?  
(he lets Esmeralda  
down)

AD LIBS  
Get a stronger rope...  
Knock his teeth out so he  
can't bite any more...

PHOEBUS  
Tie him to my horse!  
(as the men  
start obeying)  
A bell-ringer carrying off a  
girl like a Viscount! What  
impudence!

- 104 CLOSEUP of Frollo, hidden in the darkness, watching the spectacle. He is sorry for Quasimodo, but does not come to his rescue.
- 105 LONG SHOT - Phoebus has mounted his horse and leads the cavalcade. Quasimodo, tied to Phoebus' horse, is trotting along at his side -- looking frantically for Frollo to come to his rescue.
- 106 MED. SHOT. The women grouped around Esmeralda - including the Queen.

QUEEN

(noting Esmeralda's  
moist eyes)

Save your tears. You'll need  
them when that handsome Captain  
breaks your heart. Come along.

ESMERALDA

Oh no, I'm going to wait here  
for him.

LISSY

(smiling)

Never wait for a man, my dear.  
Make him wait for you!

ESMERALDA

But you think he will come back,  
don't you?

LISSY

As sure as his name is Phoebus!

ESMERALDA

(dreamily)

Phoebus!

- 107 MED. SHOT. Phoebus and his men turn a corner and meet Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE

Congratulations! Did you get  
both?

(CONTINUED)



PHOEBUS  
(surprised)  
Were there two of them?

GRINGOIRE  
I saw two!

PHOEBUS  
(mockingly)  
Then you saw one too many.  
(as he starts  
away)  
Thanks for your help, anyway.

GRINGOIRE  
My help?

PHOEBUS  
You cracked the high heavens  
with your cries!

GRINGOIRE  
Lucky I was in good voice!

PHOEBUS  
Is the gypsy your sweetheart?

GRINGOIRE  
(putting it on)  
Most special, my dear Captain  
Phoebus. And remember -- I  
will repay you, not she!

Phoebus shakes his head at the poet's audacity, but has no reply for him. He and his men ride away. Gringoire is alone in the dark, deserted street. His stomach feels very empty. He reaches out his hand for a piece of bread lying in the gutter. As the CAMERA FOLLOWS his hand, another hand comes out of the night; and as CAMERA PULLS BACK, a dirty, wretched creature is revealed sneaking away with the morsel.

CLOSE SHOT - Gringoire, disturbed by the sight, walks quickly away, when suddenly a voice is heard. 46

VOICE

A penny, sir. Kind sir, a penny.

Gringoire, looking in the direction of the voice, sees a beggar on crutches stretching out his hand. Gringoire turns out his empty pockets.

GRINGOIRE

I am as poor as you. I have nothing.

FOLLOW WITH CAMERA. He rushes off to get away from the beggar, who follows, mumbling querulously. Gringoire goes faster, trying to shake him off, but the man moves with surprising speed on his crutches. Moreover, other beggars appear, seemingly from nowhere, until he is surrounded by them and cornered. They are all supposedly cripples. Gringoire manages to escape through the archway where Esmeralda disappeared a short time before with the Queen and women.

Gringoire hiding in the dark - without realizing that he is leaning against a sleeping beggar, who wakes up now and stretches out his hand.

BEGGAR

Take pity on a blind man!

Gringoire leaps forward from the shock. He tries to leave the archway but all kinds of deformed beggars block his exit. He is forced to turn down a stairway, stumbling in the dark over other crouching figures -- he falls into the COURT OF MIRACLES.

EXT. COURT - MADE BY THE FRONTS OF ANCIENT HOUSES -  
ALL IN PARTIAL COLLAPSE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT. In the dim light that comes through the windows we feel that the Court is alive with people of the underworld. Gringoire battles to free himself from his escort and the Court comes to life. Men and women, who have been drinking near open fires, come running over to see what's happening. Everywhere there is wild, unrestrained confusion! Gringoire is led by the beggars toward Clopin's headquarters.

111

The lower part of this room is used as a tavern. The upper part, in the back, by Clopin. A bacchanalian party is in full swing - a cabaret of brigands--food, music, drinking, love-making. Here the tables are spread with fine stolen goblets and silver. It is the banquet board of the beggar chieftains. At the head sits Clopin, the King. Surrounding him are strange, powerful types - scarred thieves and murderers. Pretty girls are serving the men. FULL CAMERA UP as Madame Clopin, Queen of the Beggars, is introducing a new member - Esmeralda.

QUEEN

(her arm around the  
girl's shoulders)

As soon as I saw her she went  
straight to my heart.

Esmeralda you belong to us.

(she is about  
to kiss her)

CLOPIN

(interrupting her)

Who is the king here? I and  
nobody else gives the kiss of  
initiation.

(to Esmeralda)

You will feel at home here.  
So many of your tribe have  
found this a haven.

The Queen and a few other women take care of Esmeralda  
while Clopin turns to a beggar.

CLOPIN (cont'd)

(to a beggar)

What is the matter with you?

A YOUNG BEGGAR

I can't get used to my wooden  
leg.

CLOPIN

(to aide)

Give him a blindman's outfit  
instead. Heavens, they're  
getting fussy nowadays. When  
we were young we would have been  
glad to have a wooden leg like  
that.

(turning to the  
next in line)

What do you want?

THIN BEGGAR  
I want advancement.

CLOPIN  
What can you do?

Thin beggar starts his trick.

CLOPIN (cont'd)  
What do you think?

HANGMAN  
Not bad.

CLOPIN  
But not good enough. Put him  
on the waiting list.  
(to his aide)  
Get the new crutches aged before  
they are given out.

112 FULL SHOT - at door. Gringoire is being pushed into the tavern, the beggars menacingly behind. Gringoire sees a strange metamorphosis take place in his escorts. They begin to unpull their straps and unwind their bandages. From under rags, arms and legs appear that before seemed to be missing. Stumps and crutches clatter to the floor. Gringoire watches them with amazement and revulsion. The blind beggar, who has been taking the lead, now faces the post, with seeing eyes.

BLIND MAN  
Do you know where you are?

GRINGOIRE  
(realizes he is in  
a bad fix. Amazed -  
nervous)  
The Court of Miracles - where  
the blind can see and the lame  
walk!

BLIND MAN  
Right at the first guess.

CLOPIN  
(menacingly)  
Who is this stranger?

Gringoire is shoved by the beggars before Clopin.

BLIND MAN  
Off with your hat! You're  
standing before the King.

GRINGOIRE  
(bowing to Clopin)  
Permit me to introduce myself...  
Maitre Gringoire, doctor of the  
seven liberal arts.

114 CLOSE SHOT of Clopin and Queen. She is greatly impressed  
by Gringoire and is for him from the start.

QUEEN  
Did you hear? He's a doctor?

CLOPIN  
(to Queen)  
Hold your tongue!  
(to Gringoire)  
Do you know what happens to  
people who come here uninvited?

GRINGOIRE  
(looking around)  
I can imagine.

QUEEN  
(pleading)  
But he's a doctor!

GRINGOIRE  
A poet!

CLOPIN  
A poet? Do you know of Francois  
Villon?

(CONTINUED)



GRINGOIRE

Who wouldn't know the greatest  
poet of France?

CLOPIN

He was one of us. - Now let's  
find out about you. - Did YOU  
ever steal?

GRINGOIRE

Off and on.

CLOPIN

What?

GRINGOIRE

Rimes.

CLOPIN

(proudly)  
Not a bad answer.  
(trying to find  
out more)  
Did you ever kill?

GRINGOIRE

Dozens of people -- in the  
last acts of my tragedies.

CLOPIN

How did they die?

GRINGOIRE

The handsomest way - by the  
dagger.

CLOPIN

Good! You shall learn another  
handsome way here -- hanging!  
(to one of  
his men)  
Hangman - get ready.

GRINGOIRE

(to Clopin)  
What a pity -- my ballad could  
make you immortal.

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN

What did you say?

GRINGOIRE

I mean, I intended to write a poem in your honor, to glorify your reign.

HANGMAN

He wants to gain time.

CLOPIN

Quiet! Who is the king here?  
(to Gringoire)  
You are not trying to cheat me?

115 MED. SHOT of Queen, Clopin and Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE

(pleading)

Beyond the grave I shall be as worthless to you as to myself. Keep me alive -- and you will live in history!

QUEEN

There is something in that.

CLOPIN

Don't put your ear in!

GRINGOIRE

(continuing earnestly)

Besides, I belong here naturally. Being a poet I am already a vagabond -- and I can learn quickly to be a thief. For the rest -- I am in the mood to rage against society as honestly as any of you. I will get appreciation from you, and I will repay you with such ringing eloquence as you never dreamed of... that is, after I have eaten.

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN

(considering)

All right; then you will have  
to undergo a test.

(calling to one  
of his aides)

Get the bellboy ready!

116

PULL SHOT. Instantly several men get a life-sized dummy or mannequin, dressed like a gentleman of Paris and all covered with little bells that jingle at the slightest motion. This dummy is suspended from the ceiling. Underneath is placed a rickety stool. PULL CAMERA UP as Clopin himself steps forward to illustrate.

CLOPIN

Now watch. You have to stand  
on one leg -- there -- on the  
stool --

GRINGOIRE

(nervously trying  
to get on the stool)

I'll break my neck!

HANGMAN

Then you'll save us a hanging.

Gringoire gets on the stool.

CLOPIN

Now pull out a purse from that  
pocket.

(he points to  
bellboy)

And if one single bell jingles,  
you've failed.

GRINGOIRE

And then?

CLOPIN

Then you hang.

Gringoire tries to do as he is told. He reaches into the pocket but his hand is trembling so that all the bells start jingling; whereupon, he loses his balance and falls. The hangman helps him up.

117 CLOSE SHOT of Clopin and group around him, among them the queen.

CLOPIN  
That settles it.

118 MED. SHOT. The hangman gets busy. Gringoire is terribly chagrined by his failure.

GRINGOIRE  
Surely, there must be something easier I could try?

QUEN  
(excited; to Clopin)  
Give him the chance to marry one of the girls.

Clopin considers the proposal, then shrugs good-naturedly.

CLOPIN  
(looking off)  
Girls -- a poet for sale -  
Going, going...

GRINGOIRE  
What does that mean?

HANGMAN  
If one of our girls will marry you, you are free to live here with us.

GRINGOIRE  
A charming idea.

119 FULL SHOT. A large group of women. In the background, out of Gringoire's vision, sits Esmeralda. She is paying no attention to the proceedings. Her chin is cupped in her hands and she is looking off - thinking of Phoebus. The others all look at Gringoire sullenly.

120 FULL SHOT of the entire Tavern, FEATURING Clopin and group around him. A husky young woman walks over to Gringoire.

LISSY  
Let me have a look.

121 SEMI-CLOSEUP of Queen and Clopin, looking over the railing.

QUEEN  
(turning to Clopin)  
I thought we'd hear from Lissy.

CLOPIN  
(giving Queen  
the eye)  
Jealous?

QUEEN  
(shaking her head)  
He hasn't a soul.



122

MED. SHOT - Lissy is looking Gringoire over - feeling the muscles of his arms and legs, thumping his chest.

GRINGOIRE

(to Lissy)

Well, make up your mind. I am starving. Either a wedding dinner, or the gallows. Which is it to be?

LISSY

(shaking her head)

Too thin...No muscles... No chest...

GRINGOIRE

(pleading)

After a meal, I'd be a different man.

LISSY

(stubborn)

Not my build. Sorry.

GRINGOIRE

So am I. I believe we should have made a nice couple.

123

FULL SHOT - Clopin calling to roomfull.

CLOPIN

A poet for sale --

Who's next?

Going, going...

Ugly Madelaine, a shriveled old hag, limps up.

UGLY MADELAINE

I want to see this young man.

I'll take him.

The crowd laugh and cheer her. "Good for Madelaine!"  
"There's life in her yet!"

124 CLOSE SHOT - of Gringoire. he looks up as the crowd roars, and whispers to the hangman at his side:

GRINGOIRE  
(pleading)  
Up we go!

125 FULL SHOT - Clopin signals to the man at the gallows and calls:

CLOPIN  
Pull him up!

The Queen is pushing her way to Esmeralda. She arouses the girl from her absorption with her own troubles.

QUEEN  
Esmeralda! Don't you want to  
save him?

126 CLOSE SHOT - Gringoire is released just in the nick of time. The Queen comes into scene, leading Esmeralda by the hand.

ESMERALDA  
Wait!

CLOPIN  
(to Gringoire)  
Do you want her?

127 CLOSEUP - of Gringoire, as he sees Esmeralda in front of him. He can hardly believe his eyes! Perhaps he is already dead - in paradise. Clopin steps up impatiently.

CLOPIN  
(sharply)  
Do you want to take her?

128 CLOSEUP - of Gringoire, who simply nods.

129 MED. SHOT - Things begin to happen quickly.

CLOPIN  
Then she shall be yours.

The queen comes hurrying into scene with a jug, which she hands to Esmeralda.

CLOPIN (cont'd)  
Here, take the jug from  
Esmeralda's hand and break it.

Gringoire, still incapable of speech, takes the jug and breaks it.

CLOPIN (cont'd)  
Now, you are man and wife.  
You're getting more than you  
deserve!

GRINGOIRE  
(his eyes never  
leaving Esmeralda)  
That's true.

QUEEN  
(giving the little  
monkey to the  
newlyweds)  
Here is a wedding present for  
you.

CLOPIN  
(handing Gringoire  
a square tinfoil)  
And here is your number.

GRINGOIRE  
(looks at it)  
Are all your husbands numbered?

CLOPIN  
This means you're now one of  
the beggars' guild. In case  
you're caught - which you most  
certainly will be - show it to  
the police, and they'll let  
you off.

QUEEN  
- - - (to Gringoire)  
Let me congratulate you --  
She's a lucky girl.  
(she embraces  
him)

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN  
That's enough, dear. He's a  
married man now.  
(to Gringoire)  
Aren't you going to kiss your  
bride?

130 CLOSEUP - of Gringoire and Esmeralda. He draws her to  
him and wants to kiss her. Adroitly, she averts the kiss.  
There is a quick exchange of glances between these two.  
Over this comes Clopin's voice calling:

CLOPIN'S VOICE  
Escort them to the bridal  
chamber.

131 MED. SHOT - FOLLOW WITH CAMERA - The Queen and the crowd  
are singing. Clopin comes and pushes Gringoire and  
Esmeralda through the room and out across the court. The  
goat leads the procession. The beggars join and the  
crowd all usher Esmeralda and Gringoire to an open door  
at one end. Here they are pushed down a few steps and  
the door is slammed behind them. Throughout the scene,  
we hear the singing of the Queen, accompanied by the  
rough voices of the beggars, who join in the refrain.

INT. "THE BRIDAL SUITE" - NIGHT

132 It is dark, except for a small flicker of light that  
comes from the log fires in the court.

ESMERALDA  
We must have a light.

GRINGOIRE  
I'll fetch one.

He doesn't know what to do -- looks helpless.

ESMERALDA  
Just wait. I've found flint  
and tinder. Bring me a little  
wood..

Esmeralda gets busy with the flint and tinder.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)  
Quick, I've got a spark!

GRINGOIRE

I don't see any wood.

ESMERALDA

Oh, you helpless poet! Come here -- blow the tinder -- gently, very gently. Look the way I do it... That's right. Now I'll see if I find something to burn.

GRINGOIRE

(panicked)

You are not leaving me?

ESMERALDA

(laughing a little  
at his panic)

Of course I'm not!

(as Gringoire  
coughs)

Careful! You'll blow it out!

Esmeralda brings some kindling wood and splits it with her dagger. Both bend over the tinder, blowing and nursing a little flame.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)

Give me another piece. No,  
a smaller one.

GRINGOIRE

Let me help you.

ESMERALDA

No, it's the woman's part to  
build the fire.

GRINGOIRE

But it was a man who first  
brought the fire.

ESMERALDA

(looking up  
at him) ...

Who?

GRINGOIRE

Prometheus.

(CONTINUED)



Who is that?            ESMERALDA

GRINGOIRE  
A god who stole the fire from  
heaven by holding a rod to the  
sun until it burned into flame.  
Then he gave it to the woman.

ESMERALDA  
(her face glowing)  
How wonderful.

GRINGOIRE  
But when the gods found it out  
they expelled him from heaven..

ESMERALDA  
What became of him?

GRINGOIRE  
He defied them. He formed  
creatures out of clay and blew  
his breath into them so that  
they lived. Then they, too,  
could make fires to warm their  
bodies.

ESMERALDA  
As we do?

GRINGOIRE  
Just as we do.

ESMERALDA  
(looking up  
at him)  
You create too, don't you?

GRINGOIRE  
Did you see my play at the  
festival?

ESMERALDA  
(truthfully)  
I didn't quite listen...

(CONTINUED)

GRINGOIRE \*

But I watched you dance. I  
have never seen anything so  
lovely... Oh, Esmeralda, I  
feel... how can I describe what  
I feel?

(ardently)

This day... first the people  
ridiculed me, then I found you,  
then I lost you again and now --  
here we are together - married!

ESMERALDA

(with a smile)

I never expected it myself.

GRINGOIRE

(reciting)

For such a miracle I waited  
Through the dark and endless night.  
When before, my days I hated  
Now I welcome Phoebus light,  
Phoebus - king of day.

Esmeralda turns at the word "Phoebus". There are tears  
in her eyes. Gringoire bends quickly toward her.

GRINGOIRE (cont'd)

Esmeralda, what did I say to  
hurt you?

ESMERALDA

Nothing.

GRINGOIRE

You must tell me.

ESMERALDA

Who is Phoebus?

GRINGOIRE

Phoebus? The sun god!

ESMERALDA

The sun god!

GRINGOIRE

The most powerful of all gods.

ESMERALDA

He is?

GRINGOIRE  
(puzzled)  
Why do you ask?

ESMERALDA  
I love Phoebus.

Gringoire looks at her, appalled by this admission.

GRINGOIRE  
(after a long  
pause)  
Phoebus! That Captain who  
rescued you from the Hunchback  
of Notre Dame?

Esmeralda nods. This is a blow to Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE (cont'd)  
Then why did you marry me?

ESMERALDA  
(matter-of-  
factly)  
I couldn't let them hang you!

GRINGOIRE  
So you did it out of pity?

ESMERALDA  
(seeing how  
hurt he is)  
I - I - like you.

GRINGOIRE  
(insistent)  
But you don't love me?

ESMERALDA  
I'm sorry if I hurt you.

GRINGOIRE  
(with bitter  
smile)  
So you won't have me as your  
husband?

ESMERALDA  
(definitely)

GRINGOIRE  
 (after a long  
 pause)  
 For your friend?

ESMERALDA  
 Perhaps...

GRINGOIRE  
 Do you know what friendship is?

ESMERALDA  
 Yes - it is to be like brother  
 and sister -  
 (illustrating)  
 Like two fingers on the same  
 hand.

GRINGOIRE  
 And love?

ESMERALDA  
 Oh, love - that is to be two  
 and at the same time one.

They are facing each other - almost challengingly.  
 Esmeralda is determined to have him understand their  
 relationship.

GRINGOIRE  
 (after considerable  
 struggle)  
 I love you, Esmeralda, and so I  
 am ready to live with you as it  
 shall please you - as husband  
 and wife, if you think good, or  
 as brother and sister, if you  
 like it better. But what we  
 shall live on, I do not know -  
 I haven't a soul

ESMERALDA  
 (relieved, now  
 that it is  
 settled)  
 You will be my juggler.  
 (she puts a stick  
 on her nose)

GRINGOIRE  
 I am no juggler.  
 (the stick  
 falls off)

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

But you will become one. I'll  
teach you....

She crosses to him gayly, picking up a stick on the way.  
FULL CAMERA as she sits down on a chair before him and  
shows Gringoire how it's done.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)

Keep your head back and your  
chin out -- so -- watch me.

GRINGOIRE

I can do that forever. You are  
so beautiful.

She rises and hands him the stick, indicating the chair.

ESMERALDA

Here - practice while I fix  
something to eat.

PULL CAMERA BACK as she leaves him.

GRINGOIRE

I'll try --  
(as he succeeds)  
Esmeralda! Esmeralda!

Outside there is a loud commotion. Gringoire rushes to  
the window. At the same moment, Esmeralda goes quickly  
out the door.

EXT. ARCHWAY - NIGHT

133

The archway leading into the Court of Miracles. A group  
of guards are entering the Court.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

Round them up.

CORPORAL

What about the men?

OFFICER IN CHARGE

Follow instructions! Just the  
gypsy girls.



134

The Court boils with excitement as the guards get to work rounding up the young women.

FADE OUT

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER OF HIGH JUSTICE - DAY

135

The walls are covered with books. Everything gives the appearance of an extremely orderly person. Near a window, with the morning sun floating into the room, sits a man with his back to CAMERA, eating his breakfast. Around him are many beautiful, well kept cats. He feeds one of them by pouring some cream into a saucer, then dipping a piece of bread. He holds it while the cat eats. An old, withered clerk is ushered in by a servant. The man feeding the cat turns around. We see that he is Frollo.

DUBOIS (the withered clerk)

Good morning, Your Honor.

FROLLO

What is it, Duhois?

DUBOIS

The gypsy girls are ready for your inspection..

Frollo rises, his favorite cat in his arms. He strokes it tenderly, puts it down carefully, and leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - COURT OF JUSTICE - DAY

136

(A large type of corridor leading to the prison cells) Approximately fifty girls are lined up. They abruptly stop their chatter when Frollo appears. All look worried as the High Justice walks slowly down the line, scrutinizing their faces. The clerk follows closely behind. After having reached the end of the line, Frollo's face shows great disappointment. He turns to the clerk.

FROLLO

Let them go.

DUBOIS

(utterly perplexed)

But, Your Honor --

FROLLO

The one I wanted is not among them.

Frollo walks away - stops.

(CONTINUED)

FROLLO (cont'd)  
Dubois - did you find out in  
which prison Quasimodo is held?

DUBOIS  
Not yet, Your Honor.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHATELET - DAY

137 Inferior Court in the Grand Chatelet - small, low-vaulted room. Here Quasimodo is on trial. Maitre Florian, the Magistrate, is stone deaf, as well as fat, lazy and in bad humor. Below the Magistrate sits the Clerk. In the b.g., a large group of citizens, whose cases are coming up for trial, make up the audience in this courtroom.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN  
(irritably)  
Get on! Get on! Don't waste  
my time. Next prisoner!

The Clerk hurriedly pushes the papers concerning Quasimodo's case under the Magistrate's nose.

138 MED. SHOT. A sergeant ushers Quasimodo before the Magistrate. The Hunchback is bound, gloomily silent, bewildered. The Sergeant addresses Quasimodo loud enough for the audience to hear this.

SERGEANT  
(to Quasimodo)  
Speak up!  
(indicating Magistrate)  
Maitre Florian is deaf.

But so is Quasimodo and he doesn't know what the Sergeant is saying. He shrugs bewilderedly.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN  
---(his eyes on the  
papers before him)  
Your name?

139 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo -- hearing nothing he makes no reply.

140 CLOSE SHOT of Magistrate -- being deaf he takes the answer for granted.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN  
Very well. Your age?

Again Quasimodo remains silent. Again the Magistrate, thinking he has answered, rasps out the next question.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN (cont'd)  
Now -- your profession?  
(The same silence)  
(he continues)  
You are accused of disturbing the peace, of abducting a woman, of resisting the King's guards. What is your defense? Quick and to the point!

141 CLOSEUP of the bewildered Quasimodo. The Magistrate looks so angry that Quasimodo, thinking he is being asked his name, breaks the silence.

QUASIMODO  
Quasimodo.

142 MED. SHOT. The citizens laugh again but are stopped instantly by the angry looks of the Magistrate.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN  
Quiet! Quiet!  
(shaking his forefinger at Quasimodo)  
So you plead guilty?

QUASIMODO  
(humbly)  
--- Twenty-five years -- next month.

(CONTINUED)

142 (CONTINUED)

More laughter.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN

(glaring at  
Quasimodo)  
For that you'll get the whip!  
(consulting the  
papers before him)  
We know you had an accomplice.  
Now, for the last time, who  
was he?

QUASIMODO

(painfully trying to  
guess what is  
wanted of him)  
Bell ringer of Notre Dame.

CLERK

(bending closer to  
Magistrate's ear)  
Your Honor --

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN

(seeing him now)  
Yes, yes, what is it?

CLERK

The prisoner is deaf -- he  
hears nothing.

MAGISTRATE FLORIAN

(pretending he  
understands)  
Ah, that's different. For  
this insolence he shall stay  
an extra hour in the pillory!  
(dismissing  
Quasimodo with  
gesture)  
Next case!

DISSOLVE OUT



EXT. SQUARE - AT PILLORY - DAY

- 143- (In the middle of the Square) A trumpet is heard.  
147 Beside the Trumpeter stands an Official. The Trumpeter stops. The Official starts to read a proclamation.

## OFFICIAL

We hereby announce that Quasimodo the bell ringer of Notre Dame, is to receive fifty strokes with the cat-o'-nine tails, for his attack upon a woman. Thereafter he will be exposed for one full hour to public disgrace. The sentence is to be executed in this city of Paris - on Wednesday of this week.

Another sound of the trumpet follows this announcement.

- 148 LONG SHOT. Crowds stream in from all sides to witness the flogging of Quasimodo. They gather around the pillory. In the b.g. we see several scenes of various forms of torture and executions, such as hanging, wheeling, guillotining, etc. On the platform we see Quasimodo in the hands of Two Torturers. The Head Torturer is a short, stocky man, called Pierrat. His assistant is a brutal-looking young man, dressed in an open doublet and tight red breeches.
- 149 CLOSE SHOT. Quasimodo, stripped to the waist, is being placed on the wheel and bound to it by means of strong straps. He is breathing heavily. Fearfully he is looking toward Notre Dame as if hoping for rescue from that quarter.

EXT. SQUARE - NEAR PILLORY - DAY

- 150 CLOSE SHOT of a group of men and women who are standing near the pillory - many of them young people for whom this is a picnic.

## AD LIBS

Attacking a woman - he ought  
to hang!  
Yes, he gets what he deserves!  
What a hideous face!  
Wait till he gets whipped, then  
you'll really see something!

EXT. ROOF - DAY

7/10/39

70

151

Two laborers are working on the scaffolding. They look down at Quasimodo.

FIRST LABORER  
It's a shame, flogging that  
cripple.

SECOND LABORER  
If all the Nobles got what they  
deserve, we wouldn't have  
enough pillories.

FIRST LABORER  
Poor wretch.

EXT. SQUARE - NEAR PILLORY - DAY

152

CLOSE SHOT - CAMERA SWINGS with two bourgeois women, who are elbowing their way through the crowd. They are a young milliner and a middle-aged modiste.

YOUNG MILLINER  
(indicating gibbet)  
Let's go over there. I like  
hanging better.

MODISTE  
You'll get just as much of a  
thrill from whipping when you  
see Master Pierrat at work.

YOUNG MILLINER  
Ah, he can't compare with our  
Torturer at Marseilles.

MODISTE  
(indignant)  
Master Pierrat told me  
confidentially that it's all  
in the braiding of the whip.  
(to Pierrat)  
Hey, Master Pierrat!

EXT. PILLORY - DAY

153

SHOOTING OVER the shoulders of the women.

PIERRAT  
(stopping his  
preparations)  
What is it?

MODISTE  
My friend here says they do  
better whipping in Marseilles.

PIERRAT  
Yes? Come closer, my good  
woman, it'll be a pleasure to  
convert you.

EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

154

The helper tears off Quasimodo's shirt. Quasimodo is  
already tied to the rack. Master Pierrat playfully  
wields his lash to satisfy the bystanders.

EXT. NOTRE DAME - DAY

154a

CLOSE SHOT of the two sisters - the elderly modiste and  
the younger milliner. As they move close to the pillory  
the older sister recognizes the victim.

ELDERLY SISTER  
Why, it's Quasimodo!

YOUNGER SISTER  
You know him, sister?

OLDER SISTER  
From infancy, when he was first  
exposed before Notre Dame for  
adoption. It was on Quasimodo  
Sunday - the Sabbath after  
Easter....

YOUNGER SISTER  
So that is how he got his name?

OLDER SISTER  
Yes. I remember how I stopped

4b

DISSOLVE INTO the action of the scene as described in the following dialogue. Before Notre Dame stands a planked bedstead on which four foundlings are displayed. A group of excited, noisy women are gathering around one particular foundling. We PICK UP SCENE as the older sister, now a young woman, drops a coin into the charity cup. Over the following action comes the older sister's voice.

#### OLDER SISTER'S VOICE

It was the custom then to expose foundlings to the charity of the public. Anyone took them who chose. There were four infants on display but most of the women made a noisy circle of terror around a little hunchback. I took one look and shuddered! 'Bless me,' I cried, 'what's to become of us if that is the way they make children nowadays!'

'It is no child at all,' said my neighbor, 'but a baby devil. It wants nothing but the horns.'

Yet, it was well born, for its little garments were of fine brocade and lace and it was addressed in golden letters to the Bishop of Paris. People gathered and laughed in its face and made the sign of the cross and spat on it to keep the devil away. Frightened by so many of us, the little monster lay twisting and screaming and grinding its teeth like a dog before a cat. 'Surely no one will choose this misshapen baboon,' said I.

'It would be best to smother him and save him a life of misery,' said another.

Since hunchbacks bring calamities with them, it was decided by all that it would be prudent to place the little creature on flaming fagots and burn him to death. And so it was decided! But there were several men among the spectators now, and one of them stopped us. He was a grave and serious young advocate from the Sorbonne - a scholar who wrote in Latin, and who even then had a sharp and brilliant mind.

154b (CONTINUED)

## OLDER SISTER'S VOICE (cont'd)

'I will adopt that child!' he announced loudly.

We all turned to look upon the person who had the courage to do so rash a thing, and found we were looking at young Count Frollo - the very man who is now our High Justice. The little hunchback stretched out one hand, as if it understood, and clutched the thumb of the young Count. The Nobleman now took off his cloak and wrapped it around the little monster and carried it off to his brother, the Archdeacon. We followed him until he disappeared with his bundle through that very door - into Notre Dame.

DISSOLVE

154c The older sister finishes telling the story to an increased and fascinated group.

## OLDER SISTER'S VOICE (cont'd)

From that day Count Frollo has always shielded Quasimodo from the cruelties of the world - and as for the hunchback, his gratitude is boundless, and he loves our High Justice as no dog ever loved his master.

The attention of the group is attracted by brutal exclamations of the crowd - as they watch the whipping.

154d CLOSE SHOT - of Quasimodo, as he turns his head from side to side as if looking for Frollo to arrive and save him.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF NOTRE DAME - DAY

156

Gringoire and Clopin are together. The sensitive poet cannot bear the whipping. Every lash tears at his nerves. He turns away and drops down on the steps of the Cathedral.

GRINGOIRE

(as Clopin  
joins him)

What he did was criminal, but  
to punish him like this, and  
make a brutal show of it - is  
more than criminal! It's  
barbarous! It makes me ill.  
How can you stand it, Clopin?

CLOPIN

(quietly -  
impressively)

You can - when you've been  
whipped yourself, as I have.

GRINGOIRE

(turning and  
staring at  
Clopin)

You? You've been lashed?

(CONTINUED)



CLOPIN

Twice. A third time would have meant the gallows. But now I know how to escape punishment.

GRINGOIRE

How?

CLOPIN

I pay for immunity - for myself and my beggars. I buy a license protecting us from interference by the police.

GRINGOIRE

From whom do you get this license?

CLOPIN

From the Nobility.

GRINGOIRE

I never imagined such a thing could be!

CLOPIN

(shrugging)

The Nobles themselves buy protection from the King, and they in turn sell it to those beneath.

(grimly)

Before that, life was impossible! After the wars thousands of us went from door to door asking for honest work and were whipped for begging. Our governing class did not say "Work - or Starve!" They said to us - "Starve - for you shall not work!"

(with great bitterness)

I saw industrious people turned into beggars and thieves. And the guards were always catching them - whipping or hanging them, until I organized a Beggars' Guild.

GRINGOIRE

(with sudden realization)

Of which I am a member!

You need not be ashamed! True,  
we are not great thieves like  
the Nobles. Our robberies are  
petty compared to their  
wholesale plunder of the nation.  
But I believe the moral  
difference is in our favor.

GRINGOIRE

Not many would agree - but I'm  
beginning to think you are  
right.

CLOPIN

Then some day we will compose  
a book, you and I, on the  
subject of beggary. We will  
amuse and instruct the world  
with some astonishing truths!

GRINGOIRE

We will!  
(as the crowds  
cheer the  
whipping)  
They're still whipping the  
poor devil! I must see the  
Archbishop. He should be able  
to stop it.

Gringoire leaps to his feet and hurries inside the church.

EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

156 CLOSEUP of Quasimodo's face. It does not show any sign  
of pain under the whipping.

EXT. SQUARE - NEAR PILLORY - DAY

157 The crowd around the pillory excitedly watching the  
whipping. We see Quasimodo from the back.

MILLINER

Turn him around! We can't see  
his face!

MODISTE

(to woman at wheel)  
Nanon! Are you asleep! Turn  
him around! Turn him around!

EXT. UNDERNEATH PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

8/2/59  
74

158

An old, husky woman munching on an apple is looking up through the crevice in the platform. As she hears the voice she starts to turn the mechanism of the wheel.

EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

159

Quasimodo is slowly turned around - his hump, chest, his hairy shoulders are slashed by the whip, but still he does not show pain.

INT. VESTRY ROOM OF NOTRE DAME - DAY

160

Gringoire is pleading with the Archbishop. The poet is emotional. The Archbishop is calm, in spite of an inner agony, which is obvious.

GRINGOIRE

(hotly)

Have you no mercy? Can't you stop the whipping?

ARCHBISHOP

Quasimodo is closer to my heart than you think. But I haven't the power to stop it.

GRINGOIRE

Doesn't Quasimodo belong to the church?

ARCHBISHOP

He does. Notre Dame has been home and country to him. Yet, if he ventures into the world outside, he must accept its laws. If his punishment is unjust there is a Higher Power who watches and avenges.

EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

161

Quasimodo on the pillory. While we don't see the actual whiplash, we do see Quasimodo's face. It has the look of a dumb animal that doesn't know why it is being tortured. He keeps turning his head - first to one side, then to the other. Every time his face contracts violently with pain the crowd roars with laughter. "What a fine tragical grin!" shrills a young man with delight.

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COUNSEL ROOM - DAY

163

The end of a meeting. Frollo, the Procurator and several counsellors are sitting around a table. A clerk comes in.

FROLLO

What did you find out?

CLERK

The prisoner Quasimodo has been sentenced already.

FROLLO

Where is he?

CLERK

At the pillory before Notre Dame.

Frollo gets up and leaves hurriedly.

EXT. PILLORY - DAY

164

The executioner has finished the flogging. He puts his tools together and walks off, while one of his helpers turns a large hour-glass, putting it on the floor.

165

CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo gradually awakes from his stupor. He tries to break his ties without success. A groan comes from his mouth, then a word, first inarticulate, then the scream:

QUASIMODO

Water! Water! Water!

166

FULL SHOT - the crowd, leaving the pillory, laugh at Quasimodo.

167

SHOT - Frollo riding across the Square.

163 CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo opens his eye, sees Frolo,  
watches him, hoping for release.

169 Frolo rides past the pillory without looking at Quasimodo

170 Quasimodo closes his eye, disappointed and bitter.

171 MED. SHOT - Quasimodo.

Water! Water! QUASIMODO

The Baker throws a dirty rag which he has moistened in the gutter, into Quasimodo's face.

BAKER  
There's your water!

Quasimodo desperately moaning while the dirty water runs off his face.

Water! Water! Water! QUASIMODO

EXT. STEPS OF NOTRE DAME - DAY

171a Gringoire comes out of the church and finds Clopin where he left him.

CLOPIN  
(referring to  
Frolo)  
Did you see that? The High  
Justice passed by Quasimodo  
without giving the poor devil  
a look!

GRINGOIRE  
(bitterly)  
He must have a heart of stone!  
That Hunchback worships him -  
as a dog does his master.  
(his face lighting  
up)  
There comes Esmeralda!

171b SHOT of Esmeralda walking across the square. Gringoire comes hurrying into scene to meet her.

GRINGOIRE  
Where have you been?

ESMERALDA  
With my people. I crept through  
the gates to tell them that the  
King has promised to help us....  
(anxious)  
Hasn't he sent any messages yet?

GRINGOIRE  
I've been here all morning and  
I haven't seen any messenger  
from the King.

QUASIMODO'S VOICE  
Water! Water!

Esmeralda looks off toward Quasimodo.



- 172 CLOSE SHOT. Esmeralda pushes her way through the crowd toward the pillory. She has a jug of water in her hand. The CAMERA FOLLOWS while she walks up the ladder to the platform.

EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

- 172a Esmeralda walks over to Quasimodo, and without a word, gives him a drink.
- 172b CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo drinking - he is overwhelmed with gratitude, and a tear appears in his eye.
- 172c LONGER ANGLE - the people suddenly applaud -

EXT. BALCONY OF THE DE LYS HOME - DAY

- 173 This is the home of the de Lys family, nouveau riche gentry, who live across the Square from Notre Dame. On the balcony are Fleur and her two friends, Diane and Aloise, all three pretty girls.

ALOISE

Look at her! Giving water to that monster!

FIEUP

I wonder how she can do it!

DIANE

She's a gypsy - that's why. They are sentimental.

Fleur's mother, Madame de Lys, an elegant and snobbish woman, opens the door from the bedroom and calls to her daughter.

MADAME DE LYS

Fleur! You must get dressed!

Hereupon, Fleur dashes past her mother and jumps into bed like a naughty child. The girls stand in the doorway and laugh.

(CONTINUED)

1-5 (CONTINUED)

FLEUR

(spoiled)

On my birthday I can do as  
I please.

Diane and Aloise make matters worse by sitting on the  
bed.

(CONTINUED)

DIANE

Fleur, let's get this gypsy girl to tell our fortunes.

FLEUR

Oh, let's! I want to know how many men there will be in my life.

MADAME DE LYS

Oh, Fleur, that is all that is in your mind. In my day...

FLEUR

But, Mama, your day is not my day!

MADAME DE LYS

(chidingly)

You're lucky your father isn't alive. He would teach you respect.

174 MED. SHOT - a servant enters and announces -

SERVANT

Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers is here.

The servant exits.

175 MED. SHOT - Phoebus enters the room at this moment - very handsome and valet. The girls come hurrying in from the balcony to greet him. He bows to them, fussing with his moustache, then turns and gives a birthday kiss to Fleur.

PHOEBUS

I wanted to be the first to congratulate you, my darling.  
(he hands her  
a package)

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

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EXT. PLATFORM OF PILLORY - DAY

176 The hour-glass on the pillory. The sand is running out slowly. The groaning voice of Quasimodo is heard. Quasimodo is guarded by a soldier.

SHERIFF  
(to the soldier)  
Release him!

The soldier unties Quasimodo, who breaks down, moaning, and then begins slowly to crawl off the pillory.

DISSOLVE

INT. VESTRY OF NOTRE DAME - DAY

177- The Archdeacon is reading the Bible. Frolo enters. The  
178 Archdeacon looks up, waiting. Frolo walks over to the window and looks out. Both look under great strain.

FROLLO  
(deeply disturbed)  
Claude, I couldn't help it.  
Before I knew what was taking  
place, he was already sentenced.

PULL CAMERA UP as the Archdeacon rises and faces his brother - his face tragically sad.

ARCHDEACON  
What do you think, brother, made  
Quasimodo do it?

FROLLO  
(evasively - yet  
showing signs of  
inward agitation)  
I can't imagine.

ARCHDEACON  
(admonishingly)  
He would not disgrace us unless...

He looks at his brother questioningly - and Frolo winces.

FROLLO  
(nervously)  
Unless what?

ARCHDEACON  
(puzzled)  
He was forced to...

Without meeting the Archdeacon's eyes, Frolo turns and walks to the door.

INT. ENTRANCE TO STAIRS TO BELL TOWER - DAY

179 The entrance to the stairs leading up from the church to the bell tower. Frolo is waiting while Quasimodo comes toward him from below. When he reaches him, Frolo puts his hand tenderly on Quasimodo's head.

FROLLO  
Quasimodo!

Quasimodo, without a word or look, limps up the stairs to the bell tower.

DISSOLVE

INT. BELL CAGE - DAY

180- Quasimodo comes crawling into his own quarters. He squats  
182 down under his gargoyles - like a dog licking his wounds. He grunts and mumbles - then, by the expression on his face it becomes evident that his wounds and whipping are forgotten - wiped out by a new and stirring emotion that possesses him - Esmeralda took pity on him! She gave him water! She poured it, with her own hands, into his mouth! Perhaps he mumbles, as he squats beside the gargoyle:

QUASIMODO  
She gave me water...she gave me  
water....

There is a wonderful expression of happiness on his face as he lies down under his gargoyle, to rest and dream.

FADE OUT

INT. KING'S BEDROOM - DAY

185

CLOSEUP of a book held by Olivier. He is reading to the King. as the CAMERA DOLLIES BACK it reveals the King sitting in a sweat box. Only his head, wrapped in towels, is visible. A doctor keeps changing the towels from time to time.

OLIVIER

(reading)

"While society treats dumb animals with great tenderness, the common men today is made to suffer more than ever before."

The doctor is changing a towel and the King interrupts the reader with loud groans and complaints.

KING

You're hurting me!

DOCTOR

Your pardon, Sire.

The King groans inarticulately and nods to Olivier to go on reading.

OLIVIER

"Are we not all God's creatures, placed in the center of the universe to rule with love as our father in heaven. The time has come to regard our fellow man with respect, for only thus will we reach the fulfillment of our destiny."

KING

Imagine all the people reading this. No wonder Frodo fears printed books.

DOCTOR

(administering to  
the King)

The printing press seems to be a great invention.

(CONTINUED)



KING  
It is, but...  
(breaks off with  
a terrific groan  
- to Doctor)  
I should have you made Chief  
Torturer!

DOCTOR  
Your pardon, Sirs.

The King gives Doctor a threatening look. The Doctor  
grins and King goes back to the subject of their  
discussion.

KING  
I'm glad I'm here in this age of  
great beginnings. I am  
determined to live a hundred  
years, and more, that is -- if  
your new Elixir does what you  
promise.

DOCTOR  
Every bottle will add a year to  
Your Majesty's life.

KING  
I shall live and see all the  
"Coming Things"... I have been  
told that in Italy a man is  
trying to fly.

DOCTOR  
Like a bird - in the air?

KING  
That's what they claim.

The Doctor and Olivier look incredulous.

OLIVIER  
If he tried it here, Frodo  
would have him burned for  
witchcraft.

KING  
That I would never permit! He  
can have some of my Nobles for  
his stake, but not men of ideas.  
They are the salt of the earth,  
and are to be preserved at all  
costs!

FADE IN

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88

EXT. PARK - DAY

187

Fleur de Lys' birthday party is taking place in the gardens of her home. It is an elegant affair, with many of the nobility present - Count Frolo, the King's Doctor, and the Procurator - Phoebus' rival for Fleur's hand. Small orchestra plays music. Flunkies are serving wine and refreshments. Guests keep arriving and leaving. PULL CAMERA UP as Madame de Lys is urging Lady Graville not to go. Frolo is standing nearby, an austere yet frenzied look in his eyes. He overhears Madame de Lys and walks away toward clump of bushes.

EXT. AT LARGE CLUMP OF BUSHES - DAY

188

Gringoire and Esmeralda are using the bushes as a screen. Gringoire is getting into a fool's costume for the party. He is standing on his head while Esmeralda is putting on him a pair of trousers.

GRINGOIRE

This way the world is beautiful!  
We should always look at it  
standing on our heads.

ESMERALDA

Gringoire, hold still.

GRINGOIRE

The perfect way to put on  
trousers! I have wasted years  
hopping about on one foot every  
morning, trying to accomplish  
the same result.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
Gringoire, be sensible for half  
a minute.

GRINGOIRE  
Sensible? I love the prettiest  
girl in the world and she is my  
wife. But though I'm the  
prettiest girl's husband, I'm  
never allowed to come near her.  
What do I do about it? Nothing!  
It is monstrous to be as sensible  
as I am!

ESMERALDA  
(gives him a  
chair and  
the monkey)  
Gringoire, please. Don't  
forget why you are here.

GRINGOIRE  
To divert the noble Lords and  
Ladies, lest they take poison  
to end the ennui of their  
empty lives! Fear not,  
Esmeralda, I shall be superb,  
but don't you miss your cue.

Gringoire runs off in the direction of the party.  
Esmeralda looks after him. As she turns she sees  
someone and stiffens with fright.

189 MED. SHOT. Count Frollo is coming toward her. His dark  
face looks darker than ever. Esmeralda pretends not to  
see him and tries to escape - but he gets in her way.  
PULL CAMERA UP.

FROLLO  
Stay!

ESMERALDA  
(caught)  
I must go. They are waiting  
for me.

FROLLO  
(imperiously)  
Let them wait!  
(more gently)  
I have something to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

(humbly)

I am not of your world, Monsieur.  
I want to go. They are waiting  
for me to dance.

FROLLO

(suddenly  
maddened with  
jealousy)

I don't want them to see you  
dance!

Frollo grasps Esmeralda's wrists to hold her back.

ESMERALDA

(with a cry  
of pain)

You are breaking my wrist!

FROLLO

(gently)

I did not mean to hurt you.

(pleading)

Come away from here. I cannot  
bear it that all those men will  
see you dance - that they will  
feast their hungry eyes on you.  
I want you for myself - or else  
it will be my end - and yours!

Over this scene applause is heard coming from the party.

EXT. MEADOW STAGE - DAY

190

Gringoire finishes his act. The guests are applauding  
him.

GRINGOIRE

(to the monkey)

Bimbo, hurry and collect as  
long as it lasts.

The monkey with a box walks around collecting. Clopin  
and Queen arrive. The CAMERA BRINGS them to Gringoire.

CLOPIN

(calling)

Gringoire!

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

(almost pleading)

What have I done to you that  
you pursue me?

FROLLO

(with bitter  
laugh)

What have you done?  
(with passionate  
anger)

You have awakened in me all that  
should have stayed dormant.  
Before I met you I was content.  
At least I felt so. I have  
always hated the gross things  
of life, and have stifled in  
myself, with study and prayer,  
the foolishness of youth. I  
have sought a tranquil  
existence - and had it - until  
I saw you. At that moment  
there was born within me a man  
I do not know. Since then my  
powers have failed me, for I  
am unable to rid myself of you.  
In every book I read I see your  
face - in every sound I hear  
your voice, or the jingle of  
your silly tambourine. I have  
questioned my conscience through  
the deep hours of the night -  
only to waken in greater  
confusion.

ESMERALDA

(uncomfortably  
hypnotized by  
his passion)

What do you want of me?

FROLLO

I want to know if my love for  
you leads to Heaven or Hell.  
If I have lived in the right  
way, then you are what I first  
thought - a child of Satan!  
If I have lived wrongly, then  
you are my new life!

He looks at her - his eyes sombre with love and menace.

(CONTINUED)

Gringoire turns. He doesn't at first recognize the King of Beggars in his astonishing make-up.

GRINGOIRE  
(suddenly)  
Why! Clopin!

CLOPIN  
No -- Count Marcello di Mendoza,  
just arrived from Italy.  
(with wink)  
Here on important business.

GRINGOIRE  
(with bow)  
Good luck, Count.  
(picks up a chair  
and starts to  
balance it on  
his chin)

CAMERA SWINGS with Clopin and Queen and reveals the main part of the park where Fleur de Lys entertains her party. Everybody seems to be in a good mood under the influence of food and wine.

191 CLOSE SHOT as Madame Heloise de Lys turns from a group of guests to receive Clopin and the Queen.

MADAME DE LYS  
Ah, Count Marcello de Mendoza!  
My dear Countess! I just heard  
of your arrival, and am so glad  
you could come to my party.

CLOPIN  
Madame, we are honored. You  
look charming.

MADAME DE LYS  
Thank you, Count.

QUEEN  
What a beautiful stone you are  
wearing. Amsterdam?

(CONTINUED)



MADAME DE LYS  
Oh no, Bagdad. Won't you let  
me introduce you to a few  
friends?...

Madame de Lys, Clopin and Queen start away toward group  
of guests.

192- MED. SHOT - Gringoire. The monkey has received the last  
193 coin and runs back to Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE  
Ladies and gentlemen, the next  
artiste on our program is the  
Flower of Egypt - the dancing  
wonder: LA ESMERALDA!

194 FULL SHOT - The music plays a few introductory notes.  
Everybody quiets down in expectation. Gringoire turns  
around to look for Esmeralda. He claps his hands and  
calls again.

GRINGOIRE  
LA ESMERALDA!

Instead of Esmeralda, a white goat appears and walks  
toward Gringoire. Applause from the people and laughter.  
CAMERA FOLLOWS Gringoire as he peers through the  
shrubbery to see what is keeping Esmeralda.

195

LONG SHOT - from Gringoire's ANGLE. He sees Frolo holding Esmeralda's two hands in his and pleading ardently with her.

v4

196

CLOSE SHOT of Gringoire. His face shows amazement. Then he smiles bitterly and turns back to the audience. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he takes the goat and leads it to the center of the stage. Without Esmeralda he feels lost, but carries on valiantly.

GRINGOIRE

(extremely nervous)

Ladies and gentlemen! This is not Esmeralda. It is "Aristotle," the great mathematician, the miracle goat. He will tell anyone of you how much money you have in your purse. Watch his left leg. That's how he counts.

(turning to the King's doctor)

You, sir!

197

The King's doctor is with Phoebus and group of nobles. They are all having a very good time. The doctor, singled out by Gringoire, now joins full-heartedly in the fun.

DOCTOR

(laughing)

All right. How much money have I in my purse, Aristotle?

198

Gringoire and Aristotle. The goat does not stir.

GRINGOIRE

Come, how much is it?

The goat does not stir.

199

The doctor. He and his group are watching the goat, and are amused.

DOCTOR

Take your time, Aristotle.

200

Gringoire and Aristotle. The goat still does not show any motion.

GRINGOIRE

(to Doctor)

Sorry, sir, you can't fool him.  
You haven't a sou.

201

The Doctor. He stands among his group.

DOCTOR

(laughing)

What do you mean "I haven't a sou?"

He looks for his purse. It is gone! FOLLOW WITH CAMERA. Clopin and Queen are walking away with an innocent look on their faces. Carefully Clopin passes a purse to Queen, who hides it under her cloak. In turn, the Queen shows Clopin the precious stone that had a few minutes before adorned Madame De Lys' ample breast.

QUEEN

Bagdad!

202

The Doctor, Phoebus and the Procurator searching for the lost purse.

DOCTOR

That's odd. I know I had a purse!

203-

205

CLOSE SHOT - Phoebus springs to his feet to find out why Esmeralda didn't come in. CAMERA FANS with him to Gringoire, who is standing on his chair. Phoebus, without saying a word, picks up the chair with Gringoire on it and lifts them both high up in the air.

PHOEBUS

(calling)

Give us Esmeralda!

Esmeralda. She enters and begins to dance. As soon as she strikes her tambourine, the music starts. Her sudden entrance electrifies the party and her dancing holds her audience spellbound! They are delighted by the grace and swiftness of her motions.

INT. BELL CAGE - DAY

206a

Quasimodo is leaning on the parapet, gazing down through a long narrow slit between two slate eaves. From that angle he can just about get a distant glimpse of the de Lys garden. He is staring down with a singular expression - a look at once fascinated and tender.

EXT. DE LYS GARDEN - DAY

206b

From Quasimodo's angle. Esmeralda is dancing, whirling her tambourine on the point of her finger and throwing it up in the air, catching it again and whirling herself out of sight.

INT. BELL CAGE - DAY

206c

The gypsy girl is now lost from view and a tremble goes through Quasimodo's body. He sighs with love for her and turns back into the bell cage. In passing the little bells he gives expression to his bursting emotions by lightly striking at them as they hang immediately overhead. As if echoing his own happiness, the little bells send forth, giving sounds - very much like the tinkling of the tambourine. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Quasimodo listens and is caught up by the gayety of the bells and his own bursting emotions. He starts to play the bells, leaping and sporting about from one to the other in a sort of grotesque dance - making happy noises, laughing with sudden spurts of joyousness at the griffins and gargoyles that gaze at him from the walls like so many spectators - until a mysterious intimacy and harmony comes to pass between the happy, leaping, fantastic form of the Hunchback and the stone grotesques of the church. For a moment, he is half Centaur, half man, his voice lifting in joyous calls. Then suddenly he stops dancing and stands there panting and sighing a little - aware that a new and strange sensation is now master of his heart.

206d

CLOSE SHOT as he throws himself down on his mattress. Slowly his Cyclopic eye closes, but that tender look still remains on his face.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. DE LYS GARDENS - DAY

8/23/39

97a

- 207 MED. SHOT. Esmeralda is dancing before Phoebus. Gringoire, with his monkey and goat, leaves the stage.
- 208 CLOSE SHOT - with Esmeralda as she dances for Phoebus alone, first around him and then coming closer and closer, her eyes never leaving his, her face radiant with happiness.
- 209 CLOSE SHOT of Frolo, seeing this. The gypsy girl's infatuation with the handsome archer is obvious. Frolo is consumed with jealousy. A visible shudder runs through his frame.
- 210 CLOSE SHOT. Esmeralda now is dancing in the arms of Phoebus - her eyes gazing up at him, with delight and tenderness. The vain Phoebus is pleased at being singled out, and responds with laughter and the jingling of his spurs.
- 211 Individual faces. Some are bewildered, some shocked, and some enjoy the situation frankly.

EXT. CLUMP OF SHRUBBERY - DAY

- 212 Gringoire is changing his trousers. The monkey helps him, while the goat, Aristotle, looks on solemnly.

GRINGOIRE

(in a sarcastic mood)

We are going home, children.  
This is no party for us. We  
have done our part.

(to Bimbo, who  
is standing  
on his head)

Get down, Bimbo. I tried that  
before. It doesn't improve  
matters to see things upside  
down. Come along.....

(CONTINUED)



Gringoire starts away with Aristotle and Bimbo. CAMERA FOLLOWS till he meets up with Frolo. Both walk off in the same direction, the CAMERA FOLLOWING them.

GRINGOIRE (cont'd)

Going home, Your Honor?  
(no answer)

Well, there seem to be always two kinds of people in this world - those who get what they want and those who don't. I guess we both belong to those who don't. Maybe it's all our own fault. We whirl much too high on the swing, and when we fall off we are in a daze, yet we try again and again - till we finally break our necks.

Frolo has stopped during the last sentence. He turns around and walks back. Gringoire looks around. The goat runs away without Gringoire noticing it.

213 LONG SHOT - of the whole party. It is getting dark now. The guests are dispersed all over the large lawn. The orchestra is playing and the young people are dancing.

214 Individual couples dancing off into the darkness, among them Esmeralda and Phoebus.

215 Fleur is being consoled by the Procurator. The two are dancing. But Fleur's eyes keep following Phoebus until he disappears with Esmeralda behind some shrubbery.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDENS - NIGHT

216 Nightfall. A wooden fence surrounded by shrubbery. Phoebus and Esmeralda are lying in the grass, holding one another in an embrace and kissing. After they kiss, Phoebus looks at Esmeralda. He feels that wine and the dance have raised his spirits. Esmeralda is looking up at him, enchanted. The goat lies on the ground, near Esmeralda.

(CONTINUED)



PHOEBUS

Why don't you talk to me? Have  
you no words?

(she smiles)

I know your teeth are beautiful,  
but tell me about yourself.  
Who are you? Where do you come  
from?

(again she  
smiles)

Speak up! I am an officer and  
accustomed to be obeyed! The  
life of a soldier goes fast.  
He must take what he can get  
before it is all over. Yet,  
here I sit and talk to you as  
if I had never seen a girl  
before - never held one in my  
arms. Why do I do this? Why?

ESMERALDA

(simply)

Because you love me.

PHOEBUS

(with routine  
ardor)

I love you. But I have said  
that to others a thousand times  
before and forgotten it the  
next minute. This time I think  
I really mean it!

(into her eyes)

I love you!

ESMERALDA

(searching his  
face avidly)

More than anything in the world?

PHOEBUS

(unconvincingly)

More than anything in the world!

ESMERALDA

(an eager whisper)

Forever?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBUS

(with a laugh)

Forever - is a long time. You forget I am a soldier and gamble swiftly with life and death. I am willing to throw my life away to-day - but tomorrow -

(noticing her

sudden

disappointment)

You see, love is only a part of my life - a sweet part, I admit.

ESMERALDA

(fervently)

To me, it is everything - and all of life!

217 CLOSE SHOT. Esmeralda startles and listens. She has heard some noise.

ESMERALDA

(frightened)

There is someone here!

218 MED. SHOT. She leaps to her feet. Phoebus also rises.

PHOEBUS

Don't be alarmed.

(with conceit)

Nothing can hurt you as long as you're with me.

Phoebus glances about him for a possible enemy, ready to defend her - showing himself off in all his manly beauty.

ESMERALDA

(gazing at him  
with adoring  
eyes)

Oh, Captain Phoebus, I once dreamed that a man like you would some day save my life... and it happened!

CLOSE SHOT. Phoebus drinks in her adoration and comes toward her to take her in his arms. With childish grace and sportiveness she pushes him away.

ESMERALDA

Do just walk a little, that I might see you at your full height.

PHOEBUS

(complying)

Really now, you're such a child,....

Nevertheless, he struts a little for her benefit.

ESMERALDA

(with a sigh  
of happiness)

How handsome you are!

CLOSEUP of Phoebus. His spurs jingling and his hand on his sword.

PHOEBUS

If you could only see me in my dress uniform!

CLOSE SHOT as Phoebus comes towards her. Esmeralda moves toward him, her face uplifted as to the sun.

ESMERALDA

(reciting)

Phoebus!  
Now I see why Luna guards the night  
For the soul to pray.  
How I welcome Phoebus' light  
Phoebus, King of Day!

PHOEBUS

Did you write that poem?

ESMERALDA

No. It is by Pierre Gringoire.

PHOEBUS

Your lover?

(CONTINUED)

He loves me.                      ESMERALDA

And you?                      PHOEBUS

                                 ESMERALDA  
                                 (shaking her  
                                 head prettily)  
I loved you first. I couldn't  
belong to anyone else!

                                 PHOEBUS  
                                 (stirred)  
Esmeralda!  
                                 (he tries to  
                                 kiss her)

                                 ESMERALDA  
Wait - say again that you love  
me.

                                 PHOEBUS  
                                 (a little weary)  
I love you.

                                 ESMERALDA  
More than anything in the world?

                                 PHOEBUS  
                                 (with a sigh)  
You ask a great deal.

                                 ESMERALDA  
                                 (sadly - knowing  
                                 in her heart he  
                                 doesn't love her  
                                 really)  
You are not in earnest, and I  
ought to go...

She tries to free herself from his embrace - but only  
half-heartedly.

                                 ESMERALDA (cont'd)  
There is another woman. I saw  
her. You love her...

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBUS  
(lightly)  
Fleur de Lys? She's pretty  
but I don't exactly love her.

ESMERALDA  
(with eager  
insistence)  
Because you love me?

PHOEBUS  
(matter-of-factly)  
Of course.

ESMERALDA  
(urging him to  
say it again)  
More than anything in the world?

PHOEBUS  
(very weary now)  
I can't do more than just love  
you.

ESMERALDA  
(hurt)  
I can.

PHOEBUS  
(irritated)  
You are a woman. Men are  
fickle by nature.

ESMERALDA  
(sadly)  
So you won't love me after  
to-night?

PHOEBUS  
(annoyed)  
Maybe not.

ESMERALDA  
If you stop loving me, then I  
shall die - like a flower  
without the sun.

PHOEBUS  
(ardent again)  
Don't say that!

ESMERALDA

(clinging to  
his hands)I love your hands - they are so  
strong....(turning one  
hand over)

Let me see.

(she studies the  
palm of his  
hand closely)

PHOEBUS

(jokingly)

Are you counting up our  
children? Tell me - how many  
do you see? I am prepared for  
the worst.

ESMERALDA

(in terror of  
her discovery)

I see nothing! Oh!.....

PHOEBUS

(amused, curious)

You are trying to hide  
something from me. What is it?

Her fear is sudden and terrible! She lets go of  
Phoebus' hand.

ESMERALDA

(panicky)

Phoebus! Let us go away from  
here! I feel a presence -  
there is somebody near us...  
I am afraid!

Phoebus laughs away her fears and encloses her in a  
passionate embrace.

PHOEBUS

We'll stay - my love.

He bends over and kisses her - over and over again.

The scenery moves - we see a dark shadow and from under  
a black cloak a dagger flashes and strikes.



224 MED. SHOT. Phoebus is kissing Esmeralda. Suddenly he utters the cry of "Malediction." and sinks to his knees - mortally wounded - then drops dead at her feet.

225 CLOSEUP of Esmeralda - a look of horror on her face!

INT. BEIL CAGE - NIGHT

226 CLOSE SHOT. Quasimodo awakens with a start from a sound sleep. An unaccountable dread has possession of him. PULL CAM FA UP as he leaps to the bells and starts ringing them... There is a look of horror on his face...

DISSOLVE

EXT. WHOLE MEADOW - NIGHT

227 LONG SHOT. Only a few guests are left. Music is still playing. A scream is heard. The music stops. The people get up - others come rushing out of dark corners and run in the direction of the voice calling for help.

EXT. FENCE ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

228 Esmeralda on the spot where we saw her last, with Phoebus. She stands erect beside his dead body - frozen, dumb, motionless. The goat stands beside her. People are gathering around her. We hear them repeat -

VOICES

It's murder!

The gypsy has stabbed the  
Captain!

Call the watch!

While the CAMERA DOLLIES CLOSE to Esmeralda the sound of the bells of Notre Dame is heard - louder and louder until the sound becomes deafening.

DISSOLVE

INT. NOTRE DAME BELL TOWER - NIGHT

229

Quasimodo is ringing the bells furiously, madly!

CLOSEUP of the bells - as they away and clang thunderously.

8/24/39

106

F. T. BELL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Several doors open and young priests appear in various stages of undress. They have all been aroused or awakened by the thunderous ringing of the bells, all exclaiming "What's happened?" "What's Quasimodo up to?" At this moment the Archdeacon comes hurrying into the bell chamber.

ARCHDEACON

(calling sharply)

Why is Quasimodo ringing the bells?

(to one of the priests)

Stop him! Stop him immediately!

As the young priest starts running up the stairs the bells come to a sudden stop. Quasimodo has stopped as suddenly as he began. As the Archdeacon remains standing an instant, wondering what has gotten into the Hunchback, he catches sight of -

RED. SPOT. In the doorway stands Frolo. He looks as if he has been through Hell and damnation. The priests go back to their rooms. The two brothers are left to themselves. PULL CAMERA UP as the Archdeacon turns to Frolo.

ARCHDEACON

(greatly annoyed)

All Paris must be awake.

(puzzled)

What can be the matter with Quasimodo?

Frolo doesn't even hear him.

FROLO

I must speak to you, Claude...

Let's go down to my room.

(CONTINUED)

FROLLO  
(detaining him)  
You may not want me in your  
vestry --  
(as the Archdeacon  
looks surprised)  
There is blood on my hands.

233- CLOSEUP of the Archdeacon. He stares at his brother  
234 against.

235 SEMI-CLOSEUP of both. The Archdeacon looks stunned,  
bewildered, as if he hadn't heard correctly.

FROLLO  
I've killed a man!

ARCHDEACON  
(frozen)  
You? -- A murderer?

FROLLO  
(like one on  
the rack)  
I have stabbed a man to death.  
I killed him out of passion -  
because I loved the woman he  
held in his arms.

ARCHDEACON  
(with unbelief)  
A woman? -- You?

FROLLO  
The gypsy girl.

ARCHDEACON  
(appalled)  
The one Quasimodo carried off?

FROLLO  
(accusing himself  
savagely)  
Yes, at my bidding -- and was  
innocently whipped for it!  
(beseechingly)  
But don't condemn me! Help me!

(CONTINUED)

(stunned) ARCHDEACON  
Only Heaven can help you! I cannot.

FROLLO  
(between clenched teeth)  
Then she must die for my sin.

ARCHDEACON  
(sharply)  
Who must die?

FROLLO  
The woman they have arrested for the crime. She will atone for my guilt.

ARCHDEACON  
(furious)  
But she is innocent!

FROLLO  
She's a gypsy - a witch. I am convinced that she is the trap that Satan set for me.

ARCHDEACON  
(staring at his brother with unbelieving eyes)  
You are mad! Such logic is of the Devil. You will only heap another crime upon your conscience.

FROLLO  
There is no crime I will not commit to buy myself free.

ARCHDEACON  
God will protect her.

FROLLO  
Why should the Lord protect a heathen when he did not protect a Christian? Why did he not guard me against her? Why did he not stay my arm when I killed? I tell you, Claude, this is the Devil's own work - not God's will.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHDEACON

We do not know what God in His  
infinite wisdom has planned  
for us.

FROLLO

(impatient)

Is that all you have to say to  
me?

ARCHDEACON

Yes - that is all.

FROLLO

(bitterly)

And I came for help...

ARCHDEACON

You demand the impossible. It  
is my duty to help the woman.

FROLLO

(in the last  
extremity)

Claude - you are my brother...

ARCHDEACON

You are not my brother any  
longer. You are God's enemy -  
and mine.

Frollo's distraught expression changes to cold steel  
again. Without a word, he turns and leaves the bell  
chamber. CAMERA REMAINS on the Archdeacon. He drops  
down on the wooden bench and in utter despair he buries  
his head in his hands.

FADE OUT

INT. PRISON - DAY

936

(Dark, dank, dismal stone chamber.) Though the sun is shining outside only a beam comes through a window near the ceiling. Esmeralda is sitting on a bench. The goat lies at her feet. The girl shivers with cold and huddles against "Aristotle" for warmth. Suddenly a flower is tossed through the window. Esmeralda looks up and hears Gringoire's voice calling to her.

GRINGOIRE'S VOICE

Esmeralda! Can you hear me?

ESMERALDA

(leaping to  
her feet)

Gringoire!

GRINGOIRE'S VOICE

Can you climb to the window?

ESMERALDA

(climbing up  
on the bench -  
greatly excited)

I am trying...

EXT. PRISON - DAY

237

CLOSE SHOT. Gringoire is climbing up a small ledge. Esmeralda's face appears behind the bars of the window.

ESMERALDA

(with great  
happiness)Gringoire! I hoped you'd come!  
Sometimes, I thought you  
wouldn't!(her eyes  
pleading - her  
voice breaking)

You don't believe I killed him?

GRINGOIRE

I know you didn't.

Both feel constrained, and full of emotion.

(CONTINUED)



ESMERALDA  
Your flower is pretty. Thank  
you, Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE  
How is Aristotle? I have a  
cabbage for him.

He takes a small cabbage from his pocket and hands it up  
to her.

ESMERALDA  
(taking it)  
Thank you for Aristotle.

She tosses the cabbage to the goat. Her face reappears  
again at the barred window.

ESMERALDA (cont'd)  
(putting her  
hand through  
the bars)  
Let me touch your hand.

Gringoire reaches up and encloses her hand in his.

GRINGOIRE  
Your hand is ice!  
(anxiously)  
You aren't too afraid, are you?

ESMERALDA  
Not now. I can endure anything  
since you've come.  
(trying not to  
cry - bravely;  
with bitter cry)  
Oh, Gringoire, why did I ever  
come to Paris?

GRINGOIRE  
Don't cry, darling. You mustn't.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

(crying)

I'm not crying...

(swallowing hard)

I keep thinking how I came here  
to soften the King's heart  
toward the gypsies, and how my  
own silly heart betrayed them.  
For that, I deserve to die.

GRINGOIRE

(vehemently)

You will not!

(comforting her)

I am working to get you free.

ESMERALDA

But if I do die - help them  
when I am gone... Promise?

GRINGOIRE

I'll do all that ever I can.

ESMERALDA

Gringoire?.....

GRINGOIRE

Yes, darling?

ESMERALDA

Forgive me - even if it is too  
late. I knew, even before he -  
he was killed that he didn't  
love me truly - that I was a  
fool. I...

(her voice breaks;  
she can't go on)

GRINGOIRE

Don't speak of it.

ESMERALDA

You are not angry with me?

GRINGOIRE

(earnestly)

To be in love is miracle enough -  
to be in love with you, is all  
I want.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
(her voice  
trembling  
with feeling)  
Thank you, Gringoire.

GRINGOIRE  
(in anxious  
whisper)  
Be still! I hear someone  
coming.

There is a pause.

ESMERALDA  
(in a frantic  
whisper)  
Don't leave me!

GRINGOIRE  
Do you think I want to? But  
there is much I must do to get  
you free.

ESMERALDA  
(imploing him)  
You will come back?

GRINGOIRE  
Dearest, of course I'll come  
back!

As he leaps down and vanishes before the guard can  
catch them.....

DISSOLVE

INT. SMALL PRINTING SHOP - DAY

238

Book in process of printing. Two men are busy with the  
setting of type and the proofreading. The door opens  
and Gringoire rushes into the room.

GRINGOIRE  
Quick! Here is the appeal!

FISHER (Printer)  
We'll print it at once.

(CONTINUED)

GRINGOIRE  
(reading from  
sheet he holds  
in his hands)  
"To the People of Paris..."

FISHER (Printer)  
Not so fast! I must get the  
type ready.

GRINGOIRE  
How soon can we get the first  
hundred copies?

FISHER (Printer)  
(already busy)  
In the morning.

GRINGOIRE  
Good.

FISHER (Printer)  
But how will you distribute  
them?

GRINGOIRE  
Every beggar in the Court of  
Miracles will help us.  
(he reads)  
"Day after day innocent people  
disappear. Some die on the  
gallows, others are buried  
alive in dungeons. Today, it  
is an innocent gypsy girl.  
Tomorrow it may be your own  
brother, or your own children,  
or yourself! Parisians!  
Appeal to the King of France!  
Let us meet on the day of the  
trial and demand justice..."

At this moment the door is thrown open and a magistrate  
and a few soldiers enter the room.

MAGISTRATE  
By order of His Honor, the  
High Justice.

(CONTINUED)

The magistrate hands the printer a document, then turns to soldiers.

MAGISTRATE (cont'd)  
Destroy this infamous contrivance!  
(pointing to  
press)

As the soldiers start smashing the press,

DISSOLVE

INT. COURT OF JUSTICE - DAY

239-  
257

Spacious hall, dimly lit with candles. Walls dotted with innumerable fleur-de-lis; tall narrow windows. The low ceiling weighs heavily on the sinister faces of the assembly. Several clerks are buried in dusty documents. On the side are seated lawyers in their robes. On the opposite side, spectators are crowding the room. A few steps lead up to the special seat of the High Justice. Above it we see the vague outline of a large crucifix. Men with pikes and halberds stand along the walls and guard the entrances. Esmeralda is in her place. The Court is in full session. PAN CAMERA UP to Gringoire - who is talking.

GRINGOIRE  
(turning passionately  
to Frolo)  
Your Honor, you know the girl is innocent! How could she have killed a man who is so much the stronger - and he a soldier? I tell you it was done in a moment of mad fury, by a man who jealously sees another taking away the woman he wants!

258

CLOSE SHOT - of Frolo and Gringoire. Frolo knows that Gringoire is suspecting him, and turns the tables swiftly and adroitly on Gringoire.

FROLO  
(interrupting  
in a steely tone)  
You are married to this girl?

(CONTINUED)

Yes.

GRINGOIRE

FROLLO  
You are in love with her?

Yes, indeed!

GRINGOIRE

FROLLO  
But you were unable to win her  
as your wife because she loved  
another - Phoebus! Undoubtedly,  
you were deeply jealous of this  
Captain Phoebus.

(piercingly)

If this Court took stock in  
surmises, you would be the  
murderer!

259 KFL. SHOT - Esmeralda jumps to her feet in quick  
defense of Gringoire.

ESMERALDA

No! No! Not Gringoire! Please  
gentlemen, I accuse no one! I  
saw no one!...

FROLLO

(cutting her  
short - to  
Procurator)

Proceed.

PROCURATOR

(calling next  
witness)

Mademoiselle Fleur de Lys.

While Gringoire walks back to his seat, Fleur takes  
the stand.

PROCURATOR (cont'd)

(with soft  
manner)

Mademoiselle, will you please  
tell the Court, in your own  
words, what you know about the  
prisoner?

(CONTINUED)



FLEUR

Your Honor, I invited this girl to dance for my guests. When she did not appear, Captain Phoebus was suddenly struck by a strange restlessness. He left me and walked away, as if drawn by an unseen power. The next thing I saw was this gypsy girl dancing around him, coming closer and closer, until he finally took her in his arms - he, who had never given a moment's thought to another woman since he began paying court to me! Then they both disappeared from my eyes as if by magic. It was the last time I saw Captain Phoebus alive.

Fleur begins to cry. Her mother comes to her assistance and leads her back to the witness bench.

260 MED. SHOT - of the Procurator and Esmeralda.

PROCURATOR

Prisoner, do you still persist in denying your guilt?

ESMERALDA

(clasping and  
unclasping her  
hands)

Yes, I am not guilty.

The Procurator is in a perspiration and at his wit's end with impatience.

PROCURATOR

(to Frolo)

Your Honor, surely it is time to use the torture on this stubborn wench?

261 CLOSEUP of Frolo. His agony is almost equal to Esmeralda's.

FROLLO

(after pause)

Not yet...

(to Magistrate)

FULL SHOT - all eyes turn toward a small door as a guard enters with Esmeralda's little goat. The elegant animal stops a moment, stretches its neck, then all at once catches sight of the gypsy girl and leaps toward her, over the Clerk's table, scattering documents in all directions! The goat stops at Esmeralda's knees and begs for a caress. There is much commotion!

#### VOICES

Look at the goat! Gilt horns  
and hoofs. That's black magic!

It's a human possessed by a  
demon.

No doubt he and the girl work  
hand in hand.

Yes - they killed the man  
together.

Over the confusion and mutterings comes a clerk's voice,  
calling peremptorily -

#### CLERK

Silence! Silence in the Court  
Room!

#### FROLLO

(to Procurator)  
Proceed with the examination  
of the goat.

CLOSE SHOT of Procurator - as he faces the little white  
goat rather gingerly.

#### PROCURATOR

(to goat)  
Beast or Demon, or whatever it  
is in that inhuman form, you are  
accused of complicity in the  
murder of Phoebus de Chateaupers.  
Can you deny it?

The goat does not move.

(CONTINUED)

PROCURATOR (cont'd)  
(to Frollo)

The stubbornness of the prisoner shows clearly that he is still possessed by the Devil.

(to goat -  
solemnly)

We warn you that you will be judged according to the law, and if found guilty, will be hanged!

264

FULL SHOT. The goat looks at Esmeralda and bleats plaintively. It sounds as if the goat understood the Procurator and was protesting to his mistress. The superstitious are appalled! The Procurator turns to the High Justice - almost in triumph!

PROCURATOR

(referring to the  
bleating goat)

The sorcery is unanswerably proved! The girl and the goat work together!

(to Esmeralda)

Do you still deny being under the influence of the powers of darkness?

265

MED. SHOT of Gringoire as he jumps to his feet.

GRINGOIRE

(loudly)

This is ridiculous!

The guards rush over to him, crying "Silence! Silence!"

266

MED. SHOT - the Procurator.

PROCURATOR

(to Esmeralda)

Prisoner! The Court awaits your answer.

(CONTINUED)

266 (CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
(as she faces  
him steadily)  
I am not a witch, and I am  
innocent!

PROCURATOR  
(to Frolo)  
You see, your Honor, there is  
nothing to be done with her!  
Again I ask for the application  
of the torture.

267 CLOSEUP of Frolo, hoping to avoid the torture.

FROLLO  
(to Procurator)  
Show her what she has to expect -  
if she does not admit her guilt.

268 MED. SHOT. Two men in black show Esmeralda frightening  
tools of torture. Esmeralda shudders but remains adamant.

ESMERALDA  
(simply)  
I can only tell you the truth -  
I am not guilty.

269 FULL SHOT. There is great commotion at one of the  
entrances, and Quasimodo bursts through the guards. They  
try to keep him back. He flings them off and moves  
swiftly and agitatedly to the center of the courtroom.

270 CLOSE SHOT - as Quasimodo pauses before the Procurator.  
He beats his breast with his fist and cries in a hoarse,  
determined voice:

QUASIMODO  
I did it! I killed him! Hang  
me - me!

271

FULL SHOT of the courtroom, showing the reaction to Quasimodo's sudden appearance and pronouncement. There are many in the courtroom who believe him. Instantly cries arise from every corner. "Remember, he carried her off!" "Yes - he did it." "He ought to be killed for it! Let's hang him!" "Don't let him get away!" The Guards move in quickly, awaiting Frolo's command to seize him.

272

CLOSEUP - of Frolo, who looks from Quasimodo to Esmeralda - and considers accepting Quasimodo's sacrifice - then dismisses the idea.

## FROLO

The Hunchback couldn't have done it. He was in Notre Dame at the time, ringing the bells.

273

FULL SHOT. Now everybody remembers this!

## AD LIBS

"That's so! I heard him!"

"Yes. He ruined my night's rest!"

"That was no ordinary ringing! He was wrecking those bells like a maniac!"

"That cursed bell ringer is crazy!"

"He is in love with the gypsy girl!"

The crowd takes up the cry. "He is in love with the gypsy girl!" The great hall rocks with laughter and jeers.

274

CLOSEUP of Quasimodo. Having heard nothing, he is completely confused. He looks around. Why are they laughing? He shrugs and turns back to the Procurator.

## QUASIMODO

I - I did it! I did it!

The crowd roars.

MED. SHOT. Frollo silences the commotion by calling to the guards.

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131

FROLLO  
(pointing to  
Quasimodo)  
Take him to my room!

The guards fall upon Quasimodo, who is utterly bewildered. Why are they laughing at him? Why don't they believe him? He resists the guards but is dragged off by force.

276 CLOSE SHOT - of the bench with the Judges and Frollo.

FIRST JUDGE  
(to Frollo)  
Your Honor, in view of the prisoner's attitude, we all favor the torture.

277 CLOSEUP of Frollo, finally forced to give the order.

FROLLO  
(not looking  
at her)  
The Court will adjourn while the prisoner is given the opportunity to reconsider her statement.

278 CLOSEUP of Esmeralda, showing her reaction to Frollo pronouncing the torture. Terror seizes her as:

279 MED. SHOT. Two men in black step up to her and lead her away through another door, followed by the Procurator, a Monk, the Clerk, a Doctor and the Judges. CAMERA FOLLOWS as two of the Judges, on their way out, comment crossly:

FIRST JUDGE  
What a troublesome wench to keep us here when it's time for supper.



280

The Witness Bench. Gringoire cannot bear the idea of the torture and cries out:

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132

GRINGOIRE

It is inhuman to use the torture on her! Who wouldn't confess a crime in such agony?

281

MED. SHOT. Frolo looks at the head guard who, with the others, immediately rushes over and takes Gringoire away. Frolo gets up slowly and leaves through a door behind his seat.

INT. FROLO'S PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

282

The guards are still surrounding Quasimodo, who ignores them. Uppermost in his mind is the desperate compulsion to save Esmeralda's life. He paces back and forth like a bear in a cage. Frolo enters his private room, and dismisses the guards. When they are alone Quasimodo comes toward him, but Frolo brushes him aside and goes over to the wall and slides back a panel and looks through it to the Torture Chamber.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

283

From FROLO'S ANGLE. It is a circular room, with no windows. All the light comes from an open furnace, built in the stone wall. Esmeralda sits on a small leather cot, surrounded by the Procurator, the Monk, the Doctor, the Clerk and the Judges. The Official Torturer, Pierrat, with his two Aides, are also there.

284

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Esmeralda, with Procurator.

PROCURATOR

(with false solicitude)

My dear child, you persist in denying everything?

ESMERALLA

(faintly)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

PROCURATOR  
(hypocritically)  
In that case, though it grieves  
me deeply, it is my duty to  
question you more painfully...

He turns and nods to the Torturer.

TORTURER PIERRAT  
What first?

PROCURATOR  
The iron boot.

One of the Aides hands the boot to the Torturer.

TORTURER  
(while he  
puts it on)  
It is a pity -- such pretty legs.

285 The little window high up on the wall, and Frollo as he  
looks through it. His face also looks tortured.

INT. FROLLO'S ROOM - DAY

286 Quasimodo is still pacing up and down the room, looking  
at Frollo, waiting to talk to him. Frollo is still  
looking through the aperture. Suddenly, Esmeralda's  
screams of pain are heard. "Have mercy - mercy!"  
Quasimodo doesn't hear them but he is looking at Frollo  
and is aware that something is happening that he knows  
nothing of.

287 CLOSE SHOT. Frollo can't stand the sight of the torture.  
He draws back from the window, sliding the panel into  
place and shutting out the excruciating cries of the girl.  
He stands there terribly shaken, as Quasimodo comes into  
scene.

SEMI-CLOSEUP. Quasimodo, with his single track mind, is still bent on self-sacrifice. He unwraps a rag and discloses a small knife.

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134

QUASIMODO  
(persistently)  
I did it - I!..... Look - with  
this knife.....  
(pressing the knife  
upon Frolo)  
Show them! Tell them!

Frolo becomes aware of Quasimodo. He shakes his head violently. But Quasimodo paws at the High Justice's sleeve with one hairy hand, like a suppliant dog.

CLOSEUP of Frolo, reverting instantly to the masterful man who only gives orders to this unfortunate foundling.

FROLO  
(chiding Quasimodo)  
Go and put that knife back where  
you found it!  
(as Quasimodo  
hesitates)  
Go!

289a CLOSEUP of Quasimodo as he looks at Frolo, strangely - then obeys. There is something sordid and menacing in the obedience - a foreboding that if ever the Hunchback turned against Frolo he would kill him.

289b MED. SHOT. Frolo looks after Quasimodo. Perhaps he senses this. At this moment the Magistrate rushes into the room.

MAGISTRATE  
Your Honor! His Majesty, the  
King, is in the courtroom.

Frolo exits.

289c

CAMERA FOLLOWS the King as he takes his seat in the royal place reserved for him. With him is Olivier.

KING

I detest trials, but our Archdeacon has made my existence unbearable with his appeals in behalf of this girl.

OLIVIER

Your Majesty's presence here should satisfy His Grace...

KING

(looking round)

Where is the prisoner?

289d

FULL SHOT - the door leading from the Torture Chamber opens. Esmeralda is brought back into the courtroom. She looks faint, is limping painfully, and has to be assisted to her place. Her reappearance creates a stir in the room. The goat bleats with joy.

290

CLOSE SHOT of the Procurator, Esmeralda and Frolo.

PROCURATOR

(with extreme  
self-complacency)

The accused has confessed all!

(CONTINUED)

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135

He hands a written document to the High Justice - who glances at the document and nods.

FROLIO

(to Procurator)

Monsieur Procurator, we are ready to hear your requisitions.

The Procurator starts to read what indictment he demands. The test is in Latin.

PROCURATOR

"Coram stryga demonstrata et crimine patente declaramus nos requirere amendationem honorabilem ante portaliu maximum Nostrae-Dominae ecclesiae cathedralis atque sententiam in virtute cuius ista stryga cum sua capella in Place de Grave executatae sint!"

(CONTINUED)

(NOTE: Translation)  
"Since the witchcraft has been proved and the crime exposed, we declare that we require penance before the great portal of the cathedral church of Our Lady and a sentence by virtue of which this witch together with her goat shall be executed in Place de Greve.

INTERCUT the Procurator's reading of the Latin text with the following:

291 CLOSE SHOT of the King and Olivier.

KING

Olivier, remind me that in the future the verdicts are to be read in French, so that the poor devils may know at least why they are condemned.

292 CLOSE SHOT of the Queen, Clopin and Gringoire. Over this scene we still hear the Procurator's reading of the Latin text.

CLOPIN

What is he saying?

GRINGOIRE

He is demanding the death penalty.

293 INTERCUT still further the Latin text with individual faces of the main characters - including the goat.

294 MED. SHOT. The Procurator finishes and sits down. Frolo turns to the lawyer for the defense, Maître Rameau.

FROLLO

Does the defense wish to say anything?



CLOSE SHOT of Maitre Rameau, as he rises to his feet.

MAITRE RAMEAU

(bowing)  
Your Honor, Messieurs Judges...  
Since...

FROLLO

(interrupting)  
I beg you to be brief.

MAITRE RAMEAU

For a defendant who has  
confessed I can plead nothing.  
The law must take its course.  
(indicating goat)  
But for this poor goat who may  
not be to blame for his  
diabolical actions, I recommend  
mercy.

The Judges look at each other solemnly and shake their  
heads.

FROLLO

Refused.

MAITRE RAMEAU

(continuing)  
Then, may I request that the  
gypsy girl, because of her  
extreme poverty, be freed from  
the obligation of paying for  
the food of the goat.

CLOSE SHOT of the Judges. They look at one another  
solemnly and nod to Frolo.

FROLLO

(to Rameau)  
Granted.  
(to Judges)  
We will now take the vote.

FULL SHOT. The Judges rise solemnly, and start taking  
the vote by the lifting of their caps - one at a time -  
when they are suddenly stopped by the King.

KING

Just a moment.....

The Judges stop. A ripple of excitement goes through the courtroom. At a gesture from the King the Judges sit down again. PULL CAMERA UP as the King now crosses to Esmeralda. He has seen her limp - and his sympathy for the gypsy girl is aroused.

KING (cont'd)  
Did you make your confession  
under torture?

ESMERALDA  
Yes, Your Majesty. I couldn't  
bear the pain - but I am  
innocent.

Without a word, the King turns to Frolo.

KING  
Let us submit her to trial by  
ordeal.

FROLLO  
I'm willing, Your Majesty.

The King picks up a dagger that is lying on the table as evidence.

KING  
(to Frolo)  
Is this the dagger found in her  
hand?

FROLLO  
It is, Sire.

KING  
(turning to  
Procurator)  
Blindfold her.

They start blindfolding Esmeralda.

288

CLOSEUP. The King produces his own dagger and places it beside the other. The King's dagger has a handle in the form of a cross. Esmeralda is led into scene, blindfolded.

(CONTINUED)

KING  
(explaining to  
Esmeralda)

If you choose my dagger, it  
will show you are innocent. If  
you choose the other, you will  
be judged guilty.

299

CLOSEUP of Esmeralda as she chooses - not the King's -  
but her own dagger. A hush of excitement spreads through  
the room. Murmurs of "She's chosen her own! She's  
guilty!"

300

MED. SHOT. The King turns to Esmeralda as her eyes are  
freed.

KING  
The judgment is against you...  
I'm sorry....

He gestures to Frolo that the law must take its course  
now, and turns quickly and leaves the Courtroom,  
followed by Olivier.

301

CLOSE SHOT. Frolo motions to the Judges, who in  
response rise again and start voting, one at a time,  
by the lifting of their caps - while Clerks make a  
record of it.

302

FULL SHOT. The total Courtroom - in suspense, looking  
toward the bench of Judges.

303

CLOSE SHOT of Frolo, as he reads the verdict.

FROLO  
Gypsy girl... On such a day as  
it may please our Lord, the King,  
you shall be taken, barefoot,  
with a rope around your neck,  
before Notre Dame to do public  
penance, thereafter to be hanged  
on the gallows, together with  
your accomplice, the goat. May  
God have mercy on your soul.

(CONTINUED)

PROCURATOR  
(interrupting,  
astonished)  
Surely Your Honor means to say -  
Place de Greve.

FROLLO  
(with purpose)  
No, I mean Notre Dame.

FADE OUT

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - DAYBREAK

304 The gallows are being constructed on the left side of the church. An elderly carpenter, Legendre, is already at work on the platform, with his apprentices working nearby.

## LEGENDRE

(humming at  
his work)

A bird was my mother  
My father another  
Over the water I pass without ferry  
I sing and love and make merry  
A bird was my mother  
My father another.

EXT. GALLERY - NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

305 Quasimodo is staring down gloomily from a gallery where he squats among the gargoyles - looking like a gargoyle himself. He is watching the building of the gallows. Suddenly his eyes are arrested by -

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

306 LONG SHOT. Frollo rides over the empty square, lost in the contemplation of his own misery. The hammering on the gallows arouses him. He pauses for a moment to look at the gibbet, then rides on.

307 ANOTHER ANGLE - of the Square. Clopin, the Queen and Lizzie and other members of the Court of Miracles approach the gallows. PULL CAMERA UP as Legendre comes down from the platform and joins Clopin, who has a silk rope in his hand. The Queen is in scene.

## CLOPIN

I want to ask a favor, friend.

## LEGENDRE

(glancing  
at rope)

I see. A better class hanging  
for her.

(he takes  
the rope)

Silk? That's only used for  
the Nobility.

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN

(tearfully)

Make an exception this time.

LEGENBRE

Why not? I liked her dancing.  
I'll use it. The other one  
is too stiff anyway.

CLOPIN

(clasping his  
hand warmly)

Thank you. I am most grateful.

Legendre has been testing the silk rope by sliding it through his fingers. Suddenly stops and examines it more closely.

LEGENBRE

(with anger)

There's a flaw in it!

(turning  
to Clopin)

Are you trying to fool me? If  
the rope should break she goes  
free. It's the law, and you  
know it!

He gives the silk rope back to Clopin.

CLOPIN

(with a sigh)

Too bad you are so particular.

LEGENBRE

(shaking  
his head)

Do you want me to risk my own  
neck?

(pointing  
off)

See, they're increasing the  
guards. They're not going to  
be tricked out of this hanging!

FULL SHOT. A battalion of guards come riding into the  
Square and begin lining up on the sides of the gallows.  
The crowds are already gathering.



EXT. G. LLETY - NOTRE DAME - EARLY ...

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143

309-  
311

Quasimodo watching from the same spot as before. He suddenly becomes alive and leaves his place.

312

Esmeralda is sitting in a cart, drawn by a horse, driving toward Notre Dame. Around her we see horsemen, officers of Justice and the Procurator. The Executioner is sitting with Esmeralda. She is dressed in a simple garb, with a rope around her neck and her hands tied. Her face shows her humiliation. Cries of "Here she comes!" Heads appear at every window. Balconies and doorways become filled. An excited, curious crowd follows the tumbrel. In a second cart follows the goat, also tied and guarded by soldiers.

EXT. BALCONY OF THE DE LYS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

313

Diane and Aloise are standing outside. Diane calls back into the room.

DIANE

Fleur, Fleur, they are coming!

Fleur and her mother come hurrying out on the balcony.

ALOISE

The gypsy can't have suffered much. She looks so pretty.

FLEUR

(moved by the  
sight of  
Esmeralda)

She must have loved Phoebus deeply. Perhaps if I hadn't invited her to my party, she wouldn't be going to the gallows...

MOTHER

She would have met him elsewhere.  
(as Fleur sighs)  
You have nothing to regret, my dear. The trial has made you famous and you have more suitors now than ever.

EXT. SQUARE OF NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

314

Seen from the de Lys' house. The cart with Esmeralda stops before the church. The soldiers form a large circle around the cart and hold back the spectators. Among them are Gringoire, Clopin, Queen and others from the Court of Miracles. The Executioner helps Esmeralda down from the cart. The ringing of the special bell used at executions begins.

315 CLOSE SHOT. Gringoire seeing Esmeralda, makes an attempt to break through the lines of soldiers. He is knocked down.

316 CLOSEUP of Esmeralda - as she sees Gringoire! She is deeply moved by his efforts to get to her.

INT. BELL CHAMBER - EARLY MORNING

317 Quasimodo leaning over the balustrade, motionless, staring steadfastly below, thinking, thinking.

EXT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

318 Esmeralda walking up the stairs to the main entrance of Notre Dame. The Executioner unties her hands and walks back. The center door opens wide and the Archdeacon appears, priests following him. The ringing of the bells stops and the organ begins to play, voices are heard singing a psalm. As soon as the Archdeacon has passed through the door, soldiers file up on the platform blocking the open door like a human wall.

319- A total view of the platform in front of the church, and  
320 the crowd. The Procurator, the Executioner and all the others standing at the foot of the stairs. The Archdeacon has reached Esmeralda. The Clerk of the Court steps forward and reads the judgment.

CLERK

(reading)

The law provides that before you are taken to the gallows, you, Esmeralda, shall do public penance for your sins on the steps of Notre Dame. You will stand barefoot, with a rope round your neck.

321

CLOSE SHOT - Archdeacon and Esmeralda. She drops on her knees, kissing his hand. She looks up at him suppliantly, and speaks with all her heart. 146

ESMERALDA

You've been kind to me. I owe you the truth. I kneel before you, innocent of crime!

ARCHDEACON

(putting his hand on her head)

I believe you.

(to Procurator)

I cannot allow this girl to do public penance on Holy ground since she is not guilty.

322

FULL SHOT - This causes a sensation. The people who have knelt down with Esmeralda stop their prayer; so do Gringoire and his friends.

INT. BELL TOWER - EARLY MORNING

323

Quasimodo is seen climbing up the stairs, in great agitation.

EXT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

324

On the steps of Notre Dame the Procurator is holding an altercation with the Archdeacon. With the Procurator are Count Graille and other high officials.

PROCURATOR

(with anger)

Unless you permit her to do public penance, we cannot hang her!

ARCHDEACON

(firmly)

That's exactly what I want - to stop the hanging. The girl is innocent.

PROCURATOR

But your brother, the High Justice, convicted her!

ARCHDEACON  
My brother did wrong.

PROCURATOR  
Then we will hang her without  
public penance.

ARCHDEACON  
You won't dare!

The Procurator pauses, catches Graville's assent and  
calls to the hangman.

PROCURATOR  
Take her away.

325 CLOSE SHOT - A group of people near the foot of the  
steps, greatly excited.

AD LIBS  
What will he do now?...  
Hang her!...  
It's against the rule!...  
There's never been a hanging  
without public penance!...  
Look! Look!...

326 LONG SHOT - Quasimodo is seen climbing down from a high  
gallery - then disappears again.

327 MED. SHOT - The Procurator and the Hangman are leading  
Esmeralda away from the church to the gallows.

328 LONG SHOT - The Archdeacon has knelt down in silent  
prayer with the priests at his side. Through the open  
doors of the church comes the sad chant for the dying.

329 MED. SHOT - Quasimodo climbing along the front side of  
Notre Dame, high above the ground. We see that he is  
searching for a chance to rescue Esmeralda.

330 LONG SHOT - The crowd surrounding the gallows center their attention on Esmeralda, who is now led up the steps to the platform, where the two Assistants of the Executioner receive her.

331 OMITTED

332 CLOSEUP - Gringoire is looking at her, more emotionalized than she is. He raises his arm, giving her a last salute.

333 OMITTED

334 LONG SHOT - seen from the middle of the Square. The Procurator and the Court Officials are separated from the rest of the crowd by a circle formed by the soldiers. Esmeralda is seized by one of the hangmen standing high up on the ladder. The second one stands below. At this moment Quasimodo, hanging on to the long rope, swings from behind the church over the heads of the people and lands on the platform. With lightning speed he pushes the hangman down and grasps Esmeralda and swings back with her.

335 FULL SHOT - The crowd shriek deliriously in their excitement! They stamp their feet, scream and cheer Quasimodo wildly. Some run round madly, others kneel and pray. Soldiers rush over to the church. Laughter, crying and wild yells fill the Square.

336 ANOTHER ANGLE - of the crowd. In the general excitement, the goat which was about to be hanged, breaks loose and pushes her way through the people with her horns, sparing nobody who steps in her path. Among her victims is the Executioner.



337

Quasimodo, standing on a gallery with Esmeralda in his arms, shouting with all his might.

QUASIMODO  
Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

EXT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

338

The Crowd - SEEN FROM ABOVE - repeating Quasimodo's shout! Hundreds of throats yelling in mad excitement: "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

339

MED. SHOT - The Procurator, several Officials and a few of the Noblemen are gathered on the steps, facing the Archdeacon, angrily. Prominently at one side are Gringoire and Clopin, listening anxiously to see if the Archdeacon will give up Esmeralda to the Hangman.

ARCHDEACON  
It is God's will she should  
not die!

PROCURATOR  
(beside himself)  
But she killed one of us, and  
must die for it.

GRAVILLE  
(furious - to  
Archdeacon)  
Deliver her to us!

ARCHDEACON  
Never!

GRAVILLE  
(determined)  
She shall hang in spite of you!  
(to Procurator)  
We will go to the King and  
force him to suspend Sanctuary!

INT. BELL CAGE - EARLY MORNING

340

The stairs in the bell tower. Quasimodo is running up the stairs with Esmeralda in his arms, madly triumphant, madly joyous over his conquest.

INT. CAT DRAIR - NEAR ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

150

341

CLOSE SHOT - Gringoire pleads with the Archdeacon.

GRINGOIRE

But she is my wife. Can't I see her?

ARCHDEACON

Not now. Believe me, she is safe here - Go now.

Gringoire turns to exit.

INT. BELL CAGE - EARLY MORNING

342

Quasimodo is riding exuberantly on one of the big bells. He swings back and forth - all the time his eyes remaining fixed on Esmeralda, who is lying exhausted on one of the huge beams of the bell cage. He is gloriously proud of his strength, joyously happy.

INT. BELL TOWER - EARLY MORNING

343

The stairs in the bell tower. Frollo is seen coming up.

INT. BELL CAGE - EARLY MORNING

344

Quasimodo still riding on the bells. He looks down through the beams into the bell chamber as Frollo enters. He sees Frollo looking around, searching for Esmeralda.

345

DIFFERENT ANGLE - the bell cage - SEEN FROM BELOW. On one of the ropes, hanging down from the bell chamber, Quasimodo comes sliding down until he hangs about fifteen feet above the floor.

346

CLOSE SHOT - of Frollo. He stops in his tracks as he sees Quasimodo hanging above, menacingly.

(END OF PART II)

347

FULL SHOT - the bell chamber seen over Quasimodo, who hangs on the rope. He holds himself with one hand. With the other, he grasps the rope below him and uses it violently as a whip. Frolo dares not come nearer. For an instant, Frolo's face becomes distorted with rage and jealousy. Then, without a word, he turns and leaves.

151

INT. BELL CAGE - DAY

348

Esmeralda is lying on a huge beam with her eyes closed. She is still bound. Quasimodo enters scene with a knife and starts cutting the rope that binds her. He bends over her tenderly, trying not to wake her. He bends almost finished, she opens her eyes...

349

CLOSEUP of Esmeralda - as she sees the Hunchback standing over her with his knife. She falls back, frozen with horror -- and makes an inarticulate cry.

350

CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo draws back instantly. It cuts him to the heart to see how scared she is of him - when he loves her so dearly.

QUASIMODO

(apologetic,  
suppliant)

I didn't mean to frighten you  
...It's because I'm so ugly...  
Don't look at me - close your  
eyes...

He limps away quickly. FOLLOW WITH CAMERA. In a dark corner of the bell cage, Quasimodo tries to puzzle out how he can save Esmeralda the pain of looking at him. His fingers touch the grotesque features of his face, his unattractive hair. His face quivers miserably - then shows deep and agonized thought. Finally, a glimmer of an idea seems to penetrate his skull. He bends down and picks out of a box which is hidden there, a mask of Mercury, which he has picked up at the Festival of Fools. His fingers go over the features of the mask, then he furtively puts it on in front of his face, not yet fitting it, but only holding it there.

351

CLOSE SHOT - Esmeralda is sitting up on the beam. She is now free of her bonds and is looking around. She catches sight of Quasimodo approaching, wearing the Mercury mask, and carrying in his hands bread and wine. Esmeralda looks at him in utter bewilderment.

(CONTINUED)

QUASIMODO  
(holding jug of  
wine to her)  
Drink...

still frightened, Esmeralda looks at him, without  
noticing the proffered drink.

QUASIMODO (cont'd)  
(repeating)  
Drink...

ESMERALDA  
(pointing)  
That mask?!

QUASIMODO  
My own face is too ugly...  
(pleadingly)  
Don't be afraid. I am your  
friend, Esmeralda. I know I  
look terrifying, but then one  
only sees the face - not the  
heart. If you could only see  
into my heart, you wouldn't  
fear me.  
(setting down  
the jug)  
I'll go away if you want.

ESMERALDA  
(getting to her  
feet)  
Don't go!

QUASIMODO  
The bells have made me deaf,  
but I can see your lips move  
and I can tell what you are  
saying.  
(with incredible  
elation)  
You want me to stay?

ESMERALDA  
Yes.

Quasimodo's happiness is overwhelming. He squats down  
nearby and watches Esmeralda take some of the food.

(CONTINUED)

QUASIMODO  
You will like living here,  
Esmeralda.

(pointing)  
That room near the swallow's  
nest is going to be yours. You  
will be safe and secure there.

(selling his  
paradise to her)  
There is so much of the world  
you can see from here - the  
coming of day, and at night the  
moon and the stars shining over  
Paris. You will hear the priests  
chanting in the church...And my  
bells ringing their music through  
the air. I like the bells best,  
because I can hear them a little.

ESMERALDA  
They are beautiful.

QUASIMODO  
You love music?

ESMERALDA  
More than anything else.

QUASIMODO  
(with sudden  
inspiration)  
Then you shall hear them while  
you eat.

He leaps to his feet and runs to the bells. CAMERA  
FOLLOWS Quasimodo as he plays the bells. Running from  
one rope to another, clapping his hands, talking to the  
bells, guiding them, stilling them - like a conductor  
leading a band - and performing for the benefit of  
Esmeralda a symphony in bell music.

QUASIMODO (cont'd)  
(explaining to  
Esmeralda)  
These little ones I play when a  
child is christened.  
(to bells)  
Come on, sparrows - it's for a  
new life - new life!  
(the music is  
light and sweet)  
And this is for a wedding...

He plays a wedding march, putting his heart in it.



QUASIMODO (cont'd)  
And now the big ones---for  
victory! Come on Guillaume!  
Pour forth your music into the  
square. Harder! Harder! What?  
Out of breath, old fellow?

352 He goads on the bells with great energy, swaying his body,  
leaping back and forth from rope to rope with such  
grotesque movements that Esmeralda is terrified, both by  
the Hunchback and the sound of the bells.

353 CLOSEUP as Esmeralda shrinks back, her hands to her ears.

354 MED. SHOT - Quasimodo catches sight of her and instantly  
stops the bells.

QUASIMODO  
(to bells)  
Quiet! Quiet! You must not  
frighten her.

The bells quiet down and die out and Quasimodo turns back  
to Esmeralda. PULL CAMERA UP.

QUASIMODO (cont'd)  
(with heartbreak)  
You are still terrified of me.  
I see it in your eyes....  
(bitter)  
I am not a man, and not a beast  
- but more looked down upon  
than either. Yet, I am human,  
too. I have a heart, and it  
warms to others, but people  
drive me off as though I were  
the Evil One. Because my soul  
is imprisoned in an ugly body,  
it reaches all the more  
painfully toward all that is  
beautiful. That is why I look  
at you - you are very beautiful.  
And when you turn from me in  
fright, my ugliness burns me  
like torture and flame!

ESMERALDA  
(who has been  
deeply moved)  
I am not afraid any more!



Then look at me!

QUASIMODO

He tears the mask from his face.

355 CLOSE SHOT - of Esmeralda. She swallows hard -- with a supreme effort she manages to smile at him.

356 SEMI-CLOSEUP of both. Quasimodo senses the effort.

QUASIMODO

I know - it is only out of pity that you don't turn your eyes away from my face.

He turns to leave her.

ESMERALDA

Quasimodo! Don't go....

She grabs hold of his arm to hold him back.

QUASIMODO

(with great thrill)

You touched me! No one does that. You are kind to me - like Frolo.

ESMERALDA

(in dismay)

Frolo? That man? He is cruel, terrible!

QUASIMODO

(miserably)

You and he are the only ones I have ever loved - yet such is my fate that one destroys the other. In gaining you I have lost him!

He looks stricken - his reverence for Frolo, his devotion, love, gratitude are so deeply rooted.

ESMERALDA

Quasimodo - he is a demon!

(CONTINUED)

QUASIMODO  
(anguished)  
Yet he was my saviour! He took  
me in when others cast me out.  
He taught me to read and write.  
He made me bell-ringer. For  
him I would have thrown myself  
from the highest tower of  
Notre Dame!

ESMERALDA  
(clutching at  
the Hunchback  
frantically)  
Help me! Keep him from me.  
He must never set eyes on me  
again!

QUASIMODO  
(quieting her)  
Trust me. I shall let no one --  
no one come near you.

ESMERALDA  
But there is one I want to see --  
I must see....

She is stopped by the look in Quasimodo's face.

QUASIMODO  
Gringoire?

ESMERALDA  
Yes....

QUASIMODO  
No! No! Not even Gringoire!

ESMERALDA  
(pleading)  
Please, Quasimodo....

QUASIMODO  
(miserably)  
You love him?

ESMERALDA  
(gently)  
Yes.

All happiness goes from him. He shuffles into his  
corner like a beaten dog - and sits there - benumbed!

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COURT OF MIRACLES - DAY

357

Beggars' Headquarters. A group of beggars are sitting around a wine bowl, gambling and drinking. Gringoire is sitting nearby, writing frantically, trying to shut out the noise - scribbling and revising. Mathias, an old, shrewd gypsy rogue, is practicing disappearing tricks with a gold coin, and when they come off he winks to Gringoire and says mockingly, "Black Magic!" FULL CAMERA UP as Clopin, followed by the Queen, enters scene.

CLOPIN

Look here, Gringoire....

GRINGOIRE

(doesn't look  
up but continues  
to write madly)

I can't stop now... I must  
finish this.

CLOPIN

(indicating  
manuscript)

What is this frantic effort  
you are making?

GRINGOIRE

It is an appeal to the people  
and the King - to keep the  
Nobles from suspending the  
law of Sanctuary.

CLOPIN

(contemptuously)

You think "words" will save  
Esmeralda?

GRINGOIRE

(desperate)

It's our only hope!

CLOPIN

I have a better way.

Gringoire leaps to his feet and in his eagerness grasps  
Clopin by the coat.

GRINGOIRE

What way?

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN  
Force! To do it ourselves!  
Snatch her before they can  
hang her!

GRINGOIRE  
(pitifully)  
I am as incapable of force as  
an incule is of striking a spark --  
But with words I am a demon!

Gringoire goes back to his scribbling while Clopin  
continues.

CLOPIN  
You saw what they did to us at  
the trial? Used our very words  
to condemn her!  
(burning up with  
the recollection)  
We were fools not to expect it -  
when a murderer sits in  
judgment upon the innocent! I  
for one, am full up to the throat!  
(as Gringoire  
finishes writing)  
Gringoire, now is the time! We  
have our own little army of  
beggars and cut-throats - and  
every man of us itching to turn  
the tables on the law!

GRINGOIRE  
(earnestly)  
I am no hand at throat-cutting.  
Besides, I don't believe in  
force. It only makes matters  
worse. I must try my way.

358 MED. SHOT. Gringoire snatches up his manuscript and  
dashes wildly from the place.

CLOPIN  
(calling after  
him)  
My way is the only way!

QUEEN  
(with tears in  
her eyes)  
While you two argue like lawyers  
they'll hang Emeraldal!

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN  
(turning on  
her)

Quiet!

359 CLOSE UP of Mathias who, without interrupting his sleight-of-hand tricks, addresses the assembly of beggars.

MATHIAS

In one of the niches in Notre Dame there are two statues of solid gold - with pedestals of precious silver gilt. I know, for I am a goldsmith.

360 CLOSE SHOT. Instantly there comes a look of cupidity in the eyes of the assembly - even in Clopin's eyes, though he upbraids Mathias.

CLOPIN

(sharply)

We are not after loot! This is to be a noble enterprise!

MATHIAS

(sly)

Nobility combines nicely with gold, Sire. We can besiege the church, force the doors, save the girl, and carry off the golden saints.

QUEEN

(persuasively)

Think of it, Clopin! You will be called the saviour of the innocent!

MATHIAS

(righteously)

We bring away the girl - and a little gold besides.... and all is well.

All eyes are focused on the King of the Beggars. He looks around the table. They are all for it! And now Clopin's face announces his decision to march!

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. VESTRY ROOM - EVENING

361

The Archdeacon is at his table writing. A young priest enters hurriedly with a pamphlet in his hand, which he hands solemnly to the Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON  
(after glancing  
at it)  
Who wrote this?

YOUNG PRIEST  
Gringoire... There are men  
distributing it all over Paris.  
(as Archdeacon  
reads)  
How serious is the threat,  
Your Grace?

The Archdeacon puts down the pamphlet and rises.

ARCHDEACON  
Very serious! If the Nobles  
succeed in suspending  
Sanctuary, we will have the  
mob at our door!  
(getting  
into robe)  
I must go to the King...

362 MED. SHOT. A Courtier enters.

COURTIER  
(bowing)  
I bring a message from the  
King, Your Grace...

The Archdeacon and the young priest exchange glances.  
This looks serious!

COURTIER (cont'd)  
You are invited to an immediate  
audience with his Majesty.

The Archdeacon looks at a group of soldiers lined up  
outside the Vestry Room.

(CONTINUED)



ARCHDEACON  
(to Courtier)  
What does this mean?

COURTIER  
(noncommittally)  
It is our escort, Your Grace.

EXT. SIDE PORTAL - NOTRE DAME - EVENING

363

Outside are more soldiers. A group of curious citizens have gathered. The Archdeacon and Courtier come out. The soldiers surrounding the churchman. The people are stunned! CAMERA REMAINS on a familiar group of citizens, watching the Archdeacon and his escort walkway.

STUDENT  
It's true! They are taking the  
Archdeacon away!

BAKER  
But this doesn't look like an  
arrest.

BUTCHER  
An Archdeacon is not arrested  
the way we common people are!

EXT. STREET - EVENING

364

(Leading into the square before Notre Dame.) The Archdeacon, with his escort, enters the street and is stopped by an advance army of beggars, converging upon the square. They are armed with weapons of all sorts - knives, spears, crow-bars, axes, hammers. Some carry lighted torches. They are under the command of Clopin. PULL CAMERA UP as the Archdeacon and his military escort are stopped by the crowd.

OFFICER  
(to Clopin)  
Where are you going?

CLOPIN  
To the church.

OFFICER  
What for? To pray?

(CONTINUED)

CLOPIN  
(concealing their  
true purpose from  
the officer)  
Why not? Have beggars no need  
for prayer?

Here the Archdeacon takes a hand.

ARCHDEACON  
Clopin! Are you trying to take  
Esmeralda out of the church?

CLOPIN  
You think we'll let her hang?

ARCHDEACON  
She is safe in Notre Dame.

CLOPIN  
No longer. The nobles are  
getting the King to suspend  
Sanctuary.  
(defiant)  
We'll save her first!  
(to beggars)  
Come along, men.

They start away.

ARCHDEACON  
(calling loudly)  
Clopin! Clopin!

365 MED. SHOT. Clopin turns back. The Archdeacon appeals to  
the beggar.

ARCHDEACON  
We are allies in this, Clopin.  
We both desire her safety.  
Wait - I am on my way to the  
King. I assure you he will not  
break the Sacred Pledge of the  
Sanctuary.

CLOPIN  
How can we be sure?

ARCHDEACON  
I will send you word.

INT. KING'S PRIVATE CH. FEB - NIGHT

566 King is seated. As he starts to talk, CAMERA DOLLIES BACK to include Frolo standing beside him, holding a pamphlet.

KING

And this pamphlet, you say, has been distributed by craftsmen and students throughout Paris?

FROLLO

Throughout the whole country.

KING

Huh! My craftsmen are awakening.

FROLLO

The result of your printing press, Sire. If we had taken.....

KING

Read on - read on.

FROLLO

(reading)

'The people have faith in their King! They feel certain that as long as the courts continue to use torture instead of common sense, he will refuse to suspend the Sanctuary of Notre Dame.'

KING

A thrust at you, Frolo.

Noise - they both look off scene.

KING (cont'd)

What's that?  
(he rises)

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK and PANS with King, as he goes to window. Frolo turns and looks.

KING (cont'd)

Why are they gathering out there?  
(looks off)

KING'S VOICE  
(off scene)  
Olivier!

OLIVIER  
Sire.

CAMERA PANS with him as he crosses to window.

KING'S VOICE  
(off scene)  
What's going on?

OLIVIER  
The people fear the Noble's  
influence upon you, Sire, and  
have come here to make certain  
you will not suspend Sanctuary.

KING  
(thoughtfully)  
So that's it.

Olivier exits.

FROLLO  
(indicating  
booklet)  
It's this pamphlet, Sire.

KING  
Oh, I see. I see.

CAMERA PANS with King as he returns to table.

KING (cont'd)  
This poet is cleverer than I  
thought. This bold new way of  
appealing by printed petition  
is creating a public opinion that  
is forcing decisions even upon a  
King - incontinent - but I like  
it. It's different.  
(he sits down)

My father, Charles VII, used to  
say that truth was sick - for my  
part, I thought it was dead. This  
poet has proved that we both  
were mistaken.

FROLLO  
Public opinion is dangerous.

KING  
Dangerous? For whom?

The door opens. Olivier enters.

OLIVIER  
Your Majesty, the Archbishop  
has arrived.

KING  
Let him come in.

The Archbishop enters.

ARCHBISHOP  
The pledge of the Sanctuary is  
being threatened.

KING  
(to Archbishop)  
Have you read this?

ARCHBISHOP  
I have, Sire, and all the people  
are aroused by it.

KING  
Good, my people.  
(rises - talking  
as he walks)  
Do your work. Destroy all the  
false Nobles who want to be  
Kings. Hang them - pillage -  
sack them. On, my people, on!

ARCHBISHOP  
But, Sire, the Cathedral, Notre  
Dame -- they will destroy it.

KING  
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHBISHOP

Thousands of beggars are afraid that the gypsy girl is no longer safe in the church. They are planning to storm Notre Dame to free her.

KING

That, I will never endure. After all, the whole thing's your fault.

ARCHBISHOP

My fault?

KING

Yes. If you had not interfered with the execution, the girl would be hanged and all would be well.

ARCHBISHOP

But, Sire, the girl is innocent.

KING

The trial by ordeal was against her.

ARCHBISHOP

Still, she is innocent.

KING

If you are so sure she is innocent, you must know who the real murderer is. Who is it? Speak up.

ARCHBISHOP

Your Majesty....

KING

Whom is it you are protecting?

ARCHBISHOP

I am waiting for my brother to speak.

(CONTINUED)



KING  
What is this? A personal matter  
between you two? Who is it?  
It's the Hunchback!

FROLLO  
No...

KING  
Then who is it? He who does not  
know the truth, cannot be held  
accountable, but he who does  
know the truth and refuses to  
reveal it, is a criminal. Who  
is the murderer?

FROLLO  
I am. I did it, and I would do  
it again.

KING  
I don't understand.

ARCHBISHOP  
He's madly in love with the  
gypsy girl.

KING  
And he condemned her to death?

ARCHBISHOP  
Because she didn't love him.

KING  
Frollo, a murderer....

The King moves forward to the door. Gringoire is standing  
in the b.g. in the hall. King goes to him.

KING (cont'd)  
Olivier - Olivier!  
(to Gringoire)  
Who are you?

GRINGOIRE  
Maitre Gringoire.

(CONTINUED)

367 (CONTINUED)

10/22/39  
189

KING

Ah - the man who wrote the  
pamphlet. I would talk with  
you.

Olivier enters.

KING (cont'd)

Arrest Frollo - Quick - quick.

Olivier exits.

KING (cont'd)

Come in.

The King, followed by Gringoire, exits.

368-

372 CUT

373

First Tristan, then Olivier after him, come rushing out of the Palace, calling the Guards into action.

TRISTAN

Guards! Guards!

OLIVIER

Fall in line!

The Guards come pouring out of their quarters.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

374

Frollo is riding on horseback through the street in the direction of Notre Dame.

EXT. THE PALACE - NIGHT

375

A troop of guards on horseback leaving the palace.

EXT. BELL CAGE - NIGHT

376

CLOSE SHOT.. Like a trusty dog, Quasimodo is sitting guard outside Esmeralda's cell. He is aroused by the light of the flares illuminating the square. He rises quickly and looks below.

EXT. SQUARE - NIGHT

377

A total view of the square. Clopin and his advance guard are lining up around the church. From all directions beggars are streaming toward Notre Dame, armed with scythes, pikes, pruning forks; many carrying flares.

EXT. BELL CAGE - NIGHT

378

CLOSE SHOT of Quasimodo's great gnome head. A look of terror comes over his face. He thinks they are coming to get the gypsy girl. He runs to and fro like an insane man, looking around for implements of destruction. There are two big kettles of melting lead. He lights a fire under them, then starts gathering big stones where masons have been at work. Esmeralda hears him and comes out of her room.

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA

(alarmed)

Quasimodo, what's the matter?

Quasimodo doesn't hear her. She runs toward him. He sees her. Instantly he leaps to his feet and pushes her back into her room.

QUASIMODO

(loudly)

Hide! They're coming to get you! To hang you! I will keep them away!

EXT. SQUARE - NIGHT

379

LONG SHOT. The few soldiers guarding the cathedral try to beat the beggars off, but are soon overrun. The brigands are waiting for Clopin's word to break into the church. At this moment Frollo comes riding in, the hoofs of his horse smashing their way through the crowd. Cries of hostility arise at the sight of him.

380

CLOSE SHOT of Clopin and his brigands as they see Frollo gain admission into the cathedral through a side door. The entrance is instantly bolted after him.

QUEEN

(in shrill voice)

He's come himself after the girl!

CLOPIN

So that's the King's answer!

(in voice of  
thunder)

Come, lads! We'll get to her first!

Clopin leads the attack. They fell upon the front door with their axes.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

381

CLOSE SHOT - Quasimodo uses his incredible strength to drop enormous blocks of masonry on the beggars' heads.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

171

382 LONG SHOT. The stones kill a number of people and cause  
great confusion. The soldiers are still trying to fight  
the mob.

EXT. NOTRE DAME ROOF - NIGHT

383 On the roof, Quasimodo is now pushing a heavy beam over  
the balustrade.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

384 SEEN FROM ABOVE. As the beam tumbles down and hits the  
ground, killing a number of people. Terrible screams  
and confusion.

EXT. FRONT PORTAL - NIGHT

385 Clopin takes charge.

GLOPIN

Are my men afraid of a rafter?  
Come! Let's use it as a  
battering ram!

The heavy timber is picked up like a feather by two  
hundred strong.

386 INDIVIDUAL GROUPS OF BEGGARS fighting the soldiers.

EXT. NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

387- CUTS of scaffolding, with beggars climbing up on it.  
389

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

390 Quasimodo running with incredible agility along the  
gallery, to the side of the church. He picks up a heavy  
stone. He throws it down at the side, then stops and  
looks in another direction.

INT. NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

LONG SHOT. The beggars are climbing a tall ladder, trying to get up to the balcony. The ladder is loaded with men. Before the men can gain a footing on the balcony the formidable hunchback springs to the head of the ladder and with two powerful heaves heaves the cluster of men from the balustrade. The ladder, hurled back with all that living weight, remains perpendicular for an instant, then crashes into the square. Terrible screams!

EXT. ENTRANCE TO NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

The main door. The battering-ram at work with Clopin leading the beggars.

INT. NOTRE DAME ROOF - NIGHT

Quasimodo is filling the kettles with the molten lead which flows over on the roof and out through the gargoyles.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

The molten lead flows in a widespread veil on the men below.

The beggars disperse, running panicky in all directions. Some are seen scorched and dying. Screams of agony!

EXT. ENTRANCE TO NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Clopin and his men. Many have dropped the battering-ram, afraid of the great flame pouring down upon them.

CLOPIN

(rallying them)

Cowards! Will you let the  
Nobles hang Esmeralda! Come  
back!

The men come back. Again they pick up the battering-ram and pound away at the front door.

EXT. SQUARE BEFORE NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

The Frollo on horseback charge into the crowd. Desperate fighting between the soldiers and the beggars. Clopin leaves the door to lead his men against the soldiers. He fights valiantly, swinging a glittering scythe and singing



CLOSE SHOT - Clopin is dying. The Queen has seen him  
fall and is kneeling by his side, shaken with grief. 173

QUEEN

Clopin!  
(with a sob)  
Oh, my dear - you can't die.

CLOPIN

(speaking with  
great difficulty)  
Don't make a fuss. It's come -  
a little sooner -  
(gasps for breath)  
Listen... Tell Gringoire...  
(his voice fades  
out)

QUEEN

(helping him out)  
He is to make you immortal?

CLOPIN

(smiles wryly,  
then sobers)  
It is about the book on beggary  
...tell him he - must - finish -  
it....

His voice dies out - his head falls back. Clopin is dead!

EXT. ENTRANCE TO NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

339

The main entrance. Gringoire arrives upon the scene with  
a torch in his hand and a copy of his pamphlet in the  
other. He climbs a parapet and yells to the fighting  
populace.

GRINGOIRE

Stop! Stop, Parisians! We have  
won! The King has pardoned  
Esmeralda. All her people are  
free to live in France. Yes, in  
Paris, itself!

(CONTINUED)

400

The fighting around Gringoire slackens. The beggars stop - unable to believe the news. At this moment the Archdeacon arrives.

ARCHDEACON

(with convincing  
authority)

It is true! Stop fighting!

SOLDIER

(to beggars)

Disperse! Go your ways in  
peace. The gypsy girl is free!

The crowd stops fighting and joins the tremendous shouting.

VOICES

She is free! She is free!

EXT. NOTRE DAME ROOF - NIGHT

401

Quasimodo, overlooking the square. He shows his joy over the victory. Suddenly he hears the sound of a bell. He rushes toward the bell-tower.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

402

The door to the bell chamber stands ajar, obviously broken in. Quasimodo enters, looks up.

INT. BELL CAGE - NIGHT

403

AS SEEN FROM BELOW. In between the beams which carry the bells, we see Frollo trying to grasp Esmeralda.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

404

Quasimodo climbing up the ladder to the bell cage.

405

CLOSE SHOT - Frollo and Esmeralda. Frollo has firm hold of the girl, who is struggling with him.

FROLLO

You are coming with me...

(CONTINUED)

ESMERALDA  
(fighting him off)  
Let go of me! You have caused  
me enough suffering.

FROLLO  
(holding her  
fiercely)  
I will make up for every wrong  
I have done you....

PULL CAMERA BACK. He is holding her in a tight embrace, forcing her to go with him, when Quasimodo arrives and frees her. He flings Frolo into a corner. Then he turns to Esmeralda and very tenderly puts her to safety. Quasimodo pulls up the ladder, then turns to Frolo. FOLLOW WITH CAMERA as Frolo tries to escape. A spectacular chase through the beams follows, climaxing the final struggle.

406 Frolo stabs Quasimodo in the back in a last desperate effort to save himself. Quasimodo throws Frolo out of the highest window in the upper part of the bell cage.

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

407 A gargoyle with a lead eave. Frolo hangs outside clinging desperately to this last hold. Quasimodo in the frame of the window looks down on him.

408 CLOSEUP - Frolo's hands. The lead eave bends, a last terrified yell, and Frolo tumbles down.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

409 SEEN FROM ABOVE - Gringoire enters.

GRINGOIRE  
Esmeralda!

INT. BELL CAGE - NIGHT

410 Esmeralda, looking down.

ESMERALDA  
Gringoire!



11 SEEN FROM ABOVE. Quasimodo descends to Esmeralda. He reaches for the ladder and pushes it down. Then he leads Esmeralda to it. 170

12 CLOSER SHOT - Esmeralda and Quasimodo. He takes her head between his hands to bid her a last farewell. She understands. Very tenderly, he helps her to descend but remains behind. She does not know that Quasimodo is dying. We see over his shoulder how she arrives at the bottom of the ladder and how Gringoire takes her in his arms and leaves with her. The bell chamber is empty for a moment. Quasimodo turns. We see his pitiful face with the one gleaming eye.

QUASIMODO

All I ever loved - is gone!

13 Quasimodo's strength is gone. He creeps very slowly across the beams to lie down to die between his beloved bells. Limply he touches them and once again he makes them swing until he hears their sound.

DISSOLVE

EXT. A GALLERY OUTSIDE NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

14 The sun rises over Paris. The Archdeacon, Gringoire and Esmeralda are standing together. Now Esmeralda bends over the hand of the Archdeacon and kisses it. The bells are ringing.

ARCHDEACON

Do not thank me. Your thanks belong to Quasimodo, who saved you from hanging - and to Gringoire, whose pamphlets set you free.

(smiling at the post)

Great is the power of the printed word!

GRINGOIRE

(carried away)

Your Grace, it will make over the world!

ARCHDEACON

Let us pray that this new power will make people kinder and better - and that it will bring happiness and freedom to mankind.

INT. BELL CAGE - EARLY MORNING

815

Quasimodo is lying dead under his beloved bells which are swinging above him, while the rising sun breaks into the room.

FADE OUT

THE END



